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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Vol. CXCIV.

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## AN AUTUMN MELODY.

WHAT notes of what ditty can sound from  
the city,  
From out of the dust and the din,  
Where the sun's pallid taper is dim through  
the vapor  
That shrouds all the sorrow and sin ?  
At evening I listen—the murky lamps  
glisten,  
The stars peer by two and by three ;  
The harsh Babel-noises replace your sweet  
voices,

Dear sea !

Yet past the fog-curtain, I know it for cer-  
tain,  
The barn-roofs have caught the last ray ;  
The smoke of the threshing is softly en-  
meshing  
Brown gables with delicate grey ;  
The red leaves are falling, the plovers are  
calling,  
The sea-wind is salt o'er the wold ;  
The bryonies blacken, the tufts of green  
bracken

Turn gold.

O scents that redouble where slow through  
the stubble  
The plough cleaves a pathway of hope !  
O woods fading yellow, and orchards grown  
mellow,  
And flocks on the far-away slope !  
O sea-songs that mingle on boulder and  
shingle,  
O fields that of old-time I knew !  
My heart swells to bursting with infinite  
thirsting

For you !

Chambers' Journal. M. C. GILLINGTON.

## AUTUMN.

## I.

## SUNRISE.

It is the early morn, and new-born Day,  
Awaking from the bosom of the Night,  
Lies wrapped in fleecy clouds of tender  
light,  
And shimmering mists, half golden and  
half grey.  
Only the robin's song, so brief and gay,  
Breaks the deep stillness ; on the distant  
height  
The flocks feed silently ; and in their  
flight,  
Swallows returning southwards dart and  
play.

A moment's pause, and, lo ! from east to  
west  
Glows the soft splendor, and the lambent  
air  
Is sweet as breath of Paradise the Blest  
When hand in hand walked the primeval  
pair.  
The sun has ris'n above the mountain's  
crest —  
O God ! hast thou in Heaven a scene  
more fair ?

## II.

## DECAY.

Keen is the autumn wind, and dim and cold  
Upon the lonely moor long shadows lie ;  
The solemn pines are dark against the  
sky,  
The purple heather now is sere and old,  
A magic touch has clad the leaves with  
gold,  
Crimson, and russet, ere they droop and  
die ;  
And far beyond the reach of mortal eye,  
The distance melts in azure o'er the wold.

Still rests a glory on the earth — and yet,  
Over its fleeting radiance falls a tear ;  
Ah, to recall the past without regret —  
Lost spring and summer, hopes and mem-  
ories dear —

And in a peace unchanging to forget  
The joys of yesterday, the fading year !

KATHARINE B. T. WILLS.

Leisure Hour.

## CLOVELLY.

THE sweetest sheltered valley,  
The warmest cloven lee,  
The most delightful hamlet,  
That nestles to the sea ;

Where in the midst of woodland,  
And steepes and crags that frown  
With cots embowered in blossom  
The street goes rippling down.

Down to the little harbor  
Within its ancient quay,  
That with a strong arm fendeth  
The buffet of the sea.

From distant decks it seemeth,  
O'er the blue waters seen,  
A cataract of whiteness  
In the long reach of green.

H. G. TOMKINS.

From The National Review.  
SOCIETY IN ANCIENT VENICE.

THE old Venetians were above all a methodical people. In the early centuries of their history they were rung to and from their daily work like Lancashire factory girls. This bell was called the Marangona.<sup>1</sup> It was almost as important for the State as the doge himself. After sundown there was the Rialtina or curfew. Between the clang of these two important bells the Venetians of the Middle Ages lived laborious and honorable lives, and little by little forged the greatness of their republic.

It is amusing to read in the records of Venetian country-house life, when Venice herself was near disruption, how this mania of method still survived among her citizens. At exactly nine o'clock a bell summoned the guests from their beds. These, in the order of their arising, were taken in charge by the barbers and wig-dressers. At ten o'clock another bell announced the apparition of the master of the house down-stairs; and reminded his guests that it was their duty to present themselves before him and wish him a formal "good-day." At eleven a third bell informed the more devout of the visitors that a mass was being said in the chapel. After chapel cards and athletic exercises of a mild kind were the vogue; and these diversions were towards two o'clock interrupted by more bell-ringing in honor of dinner. The meal over, there was an interval. Not for long, however. Yet one more bell told of the grand promenade just about to begin. This was a very singular kind of diversion: a sort of sham picnic, in which the guests marched off in procession with pots and kettles, wine, and light refreshments. Perhaps we may call it an eighteenth-century notion of *al fresco* afternoon tea. Be that as it may, the guests stayed out until the evening, when they returned to play cards and dance. The next day the reign of the bells began again.

<sup>1</sup> From *marangoin* or *falegnaim* carpenters, many of whom were necessarily employed in the arsenals of old Venice. The bell was rung at daybreak from the campanile of St. Mark's.

The vigor and color of early Venetian life were amazing. At a time when England was in thrall to feudalism Venice was a great brotherhood. The people worked hard, and were also amused without stint. Those who were not members of one or other of the trade guilds were associated with the sea, either as State-employed sailors or as fishermen. In their old age, if they were necessitous, the same paternal State made them shopkeepers of an inferior order; they were, in fact, the equivalents of the apple women and chestnut sellers of our London streets. Venice was like a contented family; not always in a state of demonstrative happiness, but at the same time never menaced by mind-corroding ruin. The animation of the Rialto and the quays was then as fine a sight as could be enjoyed anywhere in Europe. The East and the West here exchanged their wares. If the councillors of the State could have contrived it, they would have made their city's association with the East one of commerce alone. But this was impossible. Oriental customs as well as Oriental merchandise were imported.

Yet for a long time Venice seems to have been not perniciously affected by these various outside influences—some very bad—which came upon her so abundantly. The Venetian women led quiet, decorous lives in their own homes. They divided their time (says Molmenti) between praying and domestic duties. Their prayers were for their husbands rather than for themselves; the risks of a sailor's life in those days were considerable. They were also concerned with the preparation of their daughters for the married state. It was the fashion not to marry them before their twentieth year. With a truly Venetian regard for method, it was the custom to marry *en masse*. The last day of January was the time when brides and bridegrooms by the score went to the altar together.

The Crusades mark an epoch in the history of the city and the State. What they did for the State all the world knows. Gold poured into the ducal

coffers, and there seemed no end to the course of prosperity of this middleman among the nations. They also sophisticated the people. License and luxury became glaring defects in the city after these lucrative visits of the champions of Christianity. The senators of the old school foresaw the evils that would follow. They could not resist the chances of emolument that accompanied this migration of the best blood of Europe into Palestine. They hoped that their State enactments might serve as a sufficient barrier against the temptations that followed in the train of these consecrated knights and esquires. In 1287 it became necessary to make it a penal offence for a man to marry a second wife while his lawful wife was living. The edicts against gaming, which later multiplied till they became a farce, began about this time. Early in the fourteenth century prostitution was an established incident of Venetian life. That same century is remarkable also for the opening of the series of records of offences against morality which are such sad reading for the student among the Venetian archives.

One is, of course, predisposed to mark with the brand of infamy any city of extraordinary influence in the world's history. Venice does but share its reputation with Tyre and Sidon, Babylon the old and modern, and imperial Rome. In one respect, however, the bride of the Adriatic is unique among its rivals in crime. The Venetians erred pen in hand. The city archives contain hundreds of thousands of unedited manuscripts recording the confessions of persons long dead, or the unsoftened truth about the deeds of fellow townsmen by such merciless and untiring chroniclers as Sanuto. It is no joke even to make a cursory examination of the sixteen score of rooms of the Frari library, all packed with these venerable papers, docketed and catalogued like everything else in Venice. But to the bold investigator the damp, cold rooms—the deathblow to more than one earnest historian—may give up hard secrets enough to fill

a small library. The ephemerides of Sanuto alone occupy fifty-eight volumes of manuscript.

A Venetian of the sixteenth century bewailed the introduction into Venice of three evils—flattery and ceremonies, Lutheranism, and debauch. The second of these never got a strong footing in the city. Indeed, it is odd in the face of this lamentation to learn from another contemporary that Protestantism had no hold at all upon the Venetians, who were all mere Epicureans, believing that body and soul are engendered at the same time, and that death puts an end to both. This, however, can hardly refer to the working classes. They were then, as now, sufficiently devoted to the Church. Scepticism was the natural result of the revival of classical learning, which was, of course, confined to the rich and cultured members of the community. Still, it is worth while remembering the general outcry of the people against Paul V., when that aggressive pope sought to saddle his decrees upon them: "We are Venetians first, and Christians afterwards."

But there was no doubt about the growth of libertinism and ceremony (*i.e.*, luxury) in the city. The latter was one of the conspicuous attractions for foreigners, who were wont to write home to their friends letters full of expressions of wonder about Venice and her citizens. It showed itself in every department of life. In the early days a child was baptized by total immersion and with but scant preparation. Later, the little image was tricked out with jewels and lace, and carried to church in a gilded vehicle, half cradle, half coach, followed by a procession which often included sponsors by the hundred. Of old the Venetian near the end of his days received extreme unction lying on the ground with symbolical dust and ashes strewn about him; and then he was buried with pomp, wrapped in a linen or woollen shroud. An exception was made in this last particular in favor of doges, professors of learning, jurists, knights, and medical men, who were allowed to

go to the grave in silk. Anon, however, there seemed no bounds to the splendor of a rich Venetian's obsequies. He was attended to the grave by innumerable priests in stoles of different colors, the brethren of the various associations of which the defunct was a member, with their standards, soldiers and sailors by couples, carrying candles, lay monks, relatives to the most tenuous degree of consanguinity, troops of children from the Venetian asylums, and the eager populace, to whom a spectacle was far better than a dinner. Thus accompanied, the corpse, in a vestment of gold, and supported by eight bearers, made a sort of triumphal procession to the tomb by way of the Piazza San Marco and the Rialto, if this could be contrived without great inconvenience.

Luxury and profusion became the characteristic of Venetian life. This was conspicuously so in the matters of wearing apparel and feasting.

It was the vogue at one time to gild the rolls of bread and the oysters on the supper-table. The candles also were coated with gold. We read of dinners of state which lasted four hours. Something of their nature may be discerned in the brilliant pictures of Veronese which, seen in Venice, give us so vivid an idea of Venetian life three or four centuries ago. There were, of course, also banquets of quite exceptional lavishness in honor of the distinguished guests who were constantly drawn into the vortex of Venetian gaiety. In 1552 the Patriarch of Aquileia *fêted* Ranuccio Farnese, the pope's nephew, in his palace on the Giudecca. The rooms were decked with extraordinary sumptuousness; cloth of gold, paintings, and illuminations adding to the effect produced by the patriarch's cooks. Among the guests were twelve gentlemen in fancy marine costume of green satin with red lining, wearing caps of the same colors, and each accompanied by a lady dressed in white. This repast also lasted four hours, varied by music and the professional entertainers of the day. It ended with the cutting up of certain large pies, from

which live birds flew out into the room. The guests strove with each other to catch those birds.

But perhaps the most expensive banquet ever given in Venice was that to Henry III. of France. He was feasted in the Great Hall of the doge's palace, and there were silver plates for three thousand guests. At another time the same monarch was entertained at a sugar banquet; the napkins, plates, knives, forks, and even the bread (so called) were all of sugar. The Venetians were mightily pleased when Henry took his napkin in his hands, and, to his surprise, found that it broke to pieces. At this feast twelve hundred and sixty different dishes were served, and three hundred sugar effigies were distributed among the ladies.

Whatever might have been said against the Venetians, they were a hospitable people — this, too, in small, as well as in great, matters. When, for example, in 1476, an ambassador from the khan of Tartary visited the city, and it was known that the khan and his suite carried but one shirt apiece in their bags, the Senate formally voted twenty ducats, that they might be provided with additional shirts, which were accordingly made *alla tartarescha*, and presented. We can imagine how the good councillors and citizens would enjoy this kindly little jest.

The fair sex contributed vastly to the picturesqueness of Venetian life when the old primitive days of modesty and indoor existence had passed away. They were, of course, the notable persons at the jousts in the Piazza San Marco, which, even up to the fifteenth century, was surrounded by trees, and was disgraced by cesspools and other abominations. Silks and satins of every conceivable color, the finest gold and silver brocade, silver and gold buttons, diadems of jewels, ermines and sables, as well as networks of pearls, were the most expensive of their articles of apparel. Their undergarments also were (as Sansovino ungallantly tells us) of incredible beauty and costliness, of the best silk or linen, embroidered with gold and silver lace. Low dresses were



pre-eminently a Venetian custom in the Middle Ages. The chroniclers are constantly marvelling to their correspondents and the public how the ladies managed to keep their clothes upon their backs. This, however, enabled them to take note of another strange local habit—surely one of the most unnecessary in the world. The ladies painted their bosoms, even as they dyed their hair, and were wont to go to bed with veal cutlets soaked in milk upon their cheeks—for the good of their complexions. These same scrupulous people were adepts at depilation. Perhaps their receipt may be considered worth something, even in our day. "Take orpiment, quicklime, gum arabic, and ants' eggs mixed in equal quantities. Burn the hair cut from the body, and mix the lye with the above ointment and rub well into the place you wish to keep free from hair." It is satisfactory to know that the Venetian ladies were not like some of their sisters of the time—amazing outside, but negligent of the state of their skin. Indeed, they seem to have acquired an Asiatic taste for perfumed baths and sweet-smelling odors. They made acquaintance with both daily. They could, a contemporary tells us, be smelt "three miles away."

One more grotesque detail of the Venetian toilet deserves mention. The streets of the old city were often extremely thick in mud, in spite of the great sewers which dated from the tenth century. It is easily conceivable. Even now, with but sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants, the thoroughfares between the Piazza and the Rialto are sometimes sufficiently bad. We are writing of the time when the population was nearly five times what it now is, and when Venetian trade was at its zenith. Well, to combat this mud, the ladies took to high-heeled shoes. As the mud grew worse, the heels became taller and taller, until at length they were half a yard high, and as difficult to control as a pair of stilts without handles. The consequence was that a lady in full dress, obliged to walk but a few yards, had to be supported on both

sides. This was a task for the black pages, or for the lovers, who had now become a very conventional part of Venetian society.

There was a certain hard and fast line between the dresses of the fair sex that must have been useful in many ways. The maiden's white silk veil was a feature well adapted to catch the eye of the young gallants of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. True, it was copied clandestinely by the prostitutes, in spite of State prohibitions of the severest kind. But the Venetian men had sharp intelligences, and could distinguish these frail ones in other ways. Betrothed girls wore a coronet of jewels, and the hair long over the shoulders, interwoven with gold threads. This must have had a charming effect. They looked like goddesses, we are told; and, though that is a vague comparison, we perceive the compliment. As for the married women, though they might dress with what materials they pleased, the little velvet cap was their distinctive mark. A gown half white and the other half of gold brocade was common. Widows had not much scope; they wore black wool. All classes seem to have had one defect—a defect of the enormity of which we of the nineteenth century can make adequate count. "It is," writes Mauro Lapi to the doge Christoforo Moro in 1462, "a diabolical thing that the women should have such long tails to their dresses, dragging along the ground."

The costumes of the Venetian men, though not so expensive, were still very engaging. One has only to look at Carpaccio's pictures in the Academy and elsewhere to understand what a strange flush of color must have met the eye in the Piazza San Marco on any gala day some hundreds of years ago. Young men, even after they were eighteen, used to wear their hair down their backs. This was before Venice began to decay and her children to present the mournful rachitic appearance which is nowadays so largely theirs. Otherwise it would, amid certain circumstances, have been hard to distinguish between the young men and the unwedded girls.

In fact, however, the Venetian youth of four centuries ago were a fascinating mixture of devil-may-care valor, vivacity, and impudence. They were ready, if required, to go and fight the Turk at a moment's notice, and the victorious Moslems found them tough antagonists. They were also equally ready to respond to their duties as members of those entertainment clubs which did so much for the gaiety of the city.

Of these clubs, that of the Stockingers seems to have been the most remarkable. It was started in 1400, and lasted nearly two hundred years. The members were either of patrician or of citizen origin. They were, in fact, a freemasonry of mirth, with lodges all over the city called the Immortals, the Eternals, the Peacocks, the Happy Ones, etc., etc. Their common costume consisted of tight red stockings, long-toed shoes, waistcoats of silk or velvet embroidered with gold, slit sleeves showing the shirt underneath and tied across with ribbons, a cloak of cloth of gold, damask, or crimson velvet, and a hood, on the lining of which was embroidered the private sign of the society. A little red or black cap set with a jewel, and with the end hanging over the ears, and long hair tied with silk, completed the picture of these young frolickers. They had their part — and a very important one it was — in every State revelry. The doge would as soon have thought of omitting to take counsel with them previously to a public festival as a modern hostess would venture to dispense with the aid of a professional ball-room and dinner-table decorator. They were, moreover, a rich community in themselves. Wealth was probably the chief qualification for membership of their guild. Thus, we read how at the raising of Michele Steno to the dogeship their festivities lasted for months, at a cost to each "companion" of two thousand ducats — in those days a huge sum.

Perhaps we shall not be doing the companions of the order of the Stocking an injustice if we make them largely responsible for the licentiousness which became a notorious characteristic of Venice under their rule. They can

hardly be blamed for it. The Troubadours, their first cousins, had, with the best intentions, played havoc with the virtue of Europe in other quarters. It was natural and amiable in these Stockingers to do their utmost to enliven the spirits of their native place. But the contagion of amusement "caught on." The Venetians got to think it was their due that life should be one long holiday. Paolo Sarpi was, of course, much too ascetic when, in his political *vade mecum* for the Venetian State, he wrote, "Let the women live retired from the world, it being certain that all open lewdness has had its first rise from a salutation or a smile." The times had gone by for so monkish an estimate of human society. But one cannot doubt that the Stockingers were the cause of much of the social corruption which, during their existence, swelled to its culminating point. The Senate thought to stem the tide of debauchery by passing laws against the committal of offences. They would have done better, had they dared, to strike at the root of the evil. It is just possible that if they had suppressed the Stockingers and rung the Marangona an hour earlier every day the wonderful group of Venetian artists of the sixteenth century would have painted pictures inspiring and elevating, as well as marvellous for their color and realism, and that in 1797 the Venetian State would not have bent the knee with such fatal facility to that reorganizer of Europe, Napoleon.

The Senate were not slow to mark the dangerous signs which began to show ever more and more boldly in their beloved city. They fidgetted, and passed sumptuary laws. The freedom of manners of the Crusaders made them prohibit suppers and banquets at which women other than relations were present. When they heard of the expensive conceits at other banquets they passed an act fixing half a ducat (about half a sovereign) as the extreme sum per head that was to be spent on feasting. They were particularly disturbed by the amount of money that was being sunk in pearls. Accordingly, in 1541, they made it a penal offence to wear more

than one string of them, and that had to be not of higher value than two hundred ducats. Even this did not satisfy them. In 1562 they gave the law a corollary that was almost indecent and perfectly adapted to enrage all the elderly matrons of the city. No women except the doge's wife and daughters were to wear any pearls after the tenth year of their marriage; nor were even young wives to wear more than a single necklace, of an outside value of four hundred ducats, the same to be duly stamped and appraised by the authorities.

The Venetian women revolted against certain other restrictions about dress materials. They were so angry that they formed an alliance, and petitioned the pope on the subject. It was the best thing they could do; for his Holiness, ever anxious to assert himself in Venice, annulled the obnoxious decree which had emanated from the Venetian patriarch. Anon, however, they got to despise the various sumptuary laws which came upon them thick as autumnal leaves. Nearly every one disregarded them. True, the executive employed spies, whose business it was to go about "taking stock" of the people, measuring with their eyes the height of the ladies' dresses, and guessing at their value. Now and again a prosecution occurred. If the gown was at fault for its sumptuousness, both the owner and its maker were fined. If a lady was found with more pearls on her person than was permissible, she was liable to a penalty of no less than two hundred ducats, of which half went to the informer. But it was by no means light and easy work—this of professional spy. The times had got so much out of joint that there was on an average a homicide daily in the city—without mention of the various disappearances which often had a sanguinary significance. A patrician might submit to pay the fine for extravagance; but it would afterwards be excusable in the young bloods of the patrician's family if they waylaid the informer and either perforated him with their rapiers or knocked him on the head and tumbled him into a canal.

Yet, in spite of the hatred and ridicule with which these restrictions were received, the Senate went on making sumptuary laws. People were not to put their establishments into mourning for the death of distant relatives. They were not to have silk hangings to their doors, but plain leather ones of a specific height. Silk curtains were allowed to the windows of only the chief salon in a house; though on no account were silk tablecloths to be used. Twelve chairs upholstered in silk or velvet were allowed, but no more than twelve. Carpets, gilded benches, boxes covered with velvet or silk, door-knockers mounted with gold, walnut-wood bedsteads gilded or adorned with miniatures, mosquito curtains with gold embroidery on them, and gold-hilted swords and daggers, all were alike not to be tolerated. Ladies' dresses were not to have buttons over a certain value, nor were expensive furs to be worn. In 1440 long trains were forbidden. The Great Council even tried to arrest the natural course of Dame Fashion. They were vexed by the constant succession of changes. Never was there such annoying old-womanly intervention. This, too, when the doge himself wore a cap of solid gold, and gems valued at a hundred and fifty thousand ducats.

The gondolas also in due time were subjected to the cold influences of the law. One can forgive the Great Council their interference with the extravagant tastes of the Venetian ladies; but it was too bad that they should issue their mandate prohibiting the use of colored silk, satin, and embroidery about the gondolas, and making these graceful ornaments of Venice the funeral objects they continue to be. In the sixteenth century there appeared a publication purporting to be written by a Chinaman in Europe for the benefit of his friends in the Celestial Empire. His description of the gondola is in sorrowful contrast with what it would have been had he visited Venice two or three hundred years earlier, when the boats moved about the still waters like small palaces. "Every one," says the Chinaman, "keeps his equipage at anchor,

and this equipage is a species of black tomb, in which he regularly inters himself five or six hours daily."

The State wished, in fact, to control the Venetians latterly much as an unwise parent endeavors to keep a tight hold upon his sons when these have long passed the age of discretion. It even prescribed the extreme number of godparents that a child should have (twelve), and the number of pounds of candy (four) they might each send to the new-born infant. Funerals, too, came under its cognizance. These were not to be such as to excite the citizens inordinately with their pomp, unless, of course, the deceased was a doge, or a person who had rendered the State signal service. Spite of this exception, however, it is strange to read how at the obsequies of the doge Alvisio Mocenigo, in 1779, nearly eight tons of wax candles were used. But this illumination was not enough to give Venice a new lease of independence. The State was then veritably on its last legs, and there were not wanting Venetians with famous names who, before the French Revolution, inscribed their visiting cards with symbolical figures, among which was the cap of liberty set on the point of a spear.

Something must now be said about the social condition of the city; nor will it be out of place to mention the Venetian courtesans at the outset. Even in the fourteenth century, these had become very numerous. By law they were to wear a yellow handkerchief at the neck, and confine themselves to the Castelletto quarter of the Rialto. Their costume, however, varied considerably in course of time, and was naturally affected by their individual circumstances. Mention has been made of the top-boots which were at one time a characteristic of them; they were also allowed to use a certain quantity of silver ornaments. For the most part they were under the control of directresses, who once a month took their gains to the magistrates known as the Signori di Notte, by whom the money was apportioned between the proprietors of the house, the directresses, and

the creditors of the courtesans themselves.

By and by the numbers of these women became a distinct danger in the city. According to Sanuto, they were in 1509 no fewer than 11,654 in a population of about three hundred thousand. The statute books began to teem with laws about them—laws which to a great extent they disregarded with impunity. They were, for example, forbidden to attend the churches at the hour when these were frequented by other women. They were not to keep domestic servants of a less age than thirty. A law of 1543 forbade them to wear jewels, precious metals, and silk, and from using articles of luxury in their houses. Other enactments were designed to control their movements, to prevent them going out in the evening without a light, from living on the Grand Canal, paying more than a hundred ducats a year for rent, using gondolas alone or in company at the hour of the *fresco*, when it was the fashion to breathe the cool evening air on the lagoon, wearing masculine dress, or entering the churches in the garb of maidens, married women, or widows.

But, in spite of these nominal restrictions, the courtesans of Venice were a byword throughout Europe for their magnificence of attire and beauty. Giordano Bruno mentions them, and especially the indescribable gesture of the head, which was one of their allurements while they sat at their windows in the infamous parts of the city, and sang seductive songs in a low, hoarse voice. Thanks to the respectable origin of so many of them (for they were recruited from families of high degree as well as from the convents), they came into repute for their intellectual as well as their physical graces. Cardinals of the Church found open pleasure in their conversation and society. Pietro Aretino (the most dissolute of men) on one occasion invited Titian and Sansovino to meet a courtesan as his third guest at supper. Courtesans were the essential spirit of every public festival in which eating and drinking and lively talk had a part. In 1622 the Prince de

Condé fêted twelve of them at a banquet on the Giudecca, though this wholesale civility may have been in honor of the Turkish ambassador, who sat at table with them. Occasionally the laws were put in force against them, but not often. Thus, in 1618 the Earl of Oxford had the mortification to see the courtesan with whom he was enjoying the fresco sent summarily to prison, and also the gondoliers who were implicated in this infraction of the law; nor were they released except on a special appeal from the British ambassador.

The truth is this. The councillors of Venice conceived that they might, with advantage to the State, condone the very immorality which they condemned. The high spirits of their youth were checked by indulgence, and diverted from an interest in political affairs which might have endangered the position of the hoary, red-gowned occupants of the ducal chambers! Strangers flocked to the city, drawn thither by its shameful reputation, and spent money which, by one channel or another, found its way into the coffers of the republic. By such sophistical and dishonoring arguments did the rulers of Venice save their consciences and excuse themselves for the wrong they wrought. The notorious Bianco Capello, who as a child left her father's house with Pietro Bonaventuri, and rose by crime upon crime to be grand duchess of Tuscany, is a worthy representative of Venetian society in the sixteenth century.

Without going so far as to aver that the air of Venice is libertine, it may be said that Venetian life and Venetian pastime were and are less conducive to morality than the conditions of life in other towns. The tang of the salt sea across the lagoons strikes home to the blood as it does not elsewhere. The sumptuous gondola is not elsewhere the common vehicle of intercourse and pleasure-seeking. Nor are there many haunts of men which, by the charm of their surroundings, so emphatically tempt a man to forget himself and all else in the strong pleasure of the mo-

ment. The coldest heart may be suddenly kindled to fervor in Venice. Schopenhauer, in spite of his philosophy and his reasoned misogyny, here all but offered his life to a woman.

If this be so in these well-ordered days (speaking comparatively), can we wonder that the excesses of the patricians and citizens of ducal Venice two or three hundred years ago were such as to surprise even men who had matriculated in the court circles of France? The Carnival then lasted six months, and masking was a universal habit. It has been said that in the beginning the mask was a token of fraternal condescension on the part of the rich and noble towards their inferiors. It levelled all ranks, like the grave, though in a more agreeable manner. But this Utopian justification of it soon passed out of date. It became instead the very best possible vehicle for intrigue and social corruption. That in effect was what it was. During Carnival time no one thought of going out of doors, except in disguise. The maid sent on an errand must first don her mask—of which no doubt her lover, or lovers, had the key. The mother with a child in her arms masked both herself and the child. It may be imagined that amid these circumstances the scenes and conversation during the promenade time and subsequently were not always decorous.

The evil was especially great in the convents. In the statute books one finds law after law for the better regulation of these conventual houses. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was no *cachet* of respectability, much less of sanctity, to be a Venetian nun. One cannot wonder, for in the first place the majority of the girls were not in the nunneries of their own free will; and, secondly, their facilities of intercourse with the world were greater rather than less than they would have been elsewhere. Fathers of families were wont to make their daughters take the veil to save the expense of their dowries, and also to improve the family position in other ways. As for the freedom of conventual life, it was quite



singular. The nuns rose and retired to bed when they pleased, and had such unstinted opportunities of communion with the patrician youths of the city that they openly declared they preferred the cloister to their own homes. Their dress was rather that "of a nymph than a nun." One can imagine that they were charming in their white dresses, cut low, with sleeves to the elbows only, white diaphanous lace veils, with bright ribbons at the shoulders, and wearing flowers in their bosoms. The reception-rooms of the convents were the favorite resort of the city; and here the sons of the Venetian councillors and even the councillors themselves, laughed away the hours with the girls and ingratiated themselves with the abbesses. Carnival time was more than commonly agreeable for them. The youths were then allowed to carry off the nuns of their liking, and entertain them for hours in gondolas. Cakes and dainties were sent daily to the girls, and as a matter of course love-letters were concealed in these conventional vehicles. Then, at certain seasons the nuns appeared in the churches, and were diverted by their lovers with pseudo-sacred operas, followed by dances and suppers protracted far into the dark hours. The 29th May, 1509, was one such occasion. "To celebrate the installation of a new abbess," says Sanudo in his diary, "certain young patricians came to the convent with trumpets and fifes, and danced with the nuns all through the night." In short, so absolute was the hold exercised by the nuns upon the affections of the Venetians that uncloistered women assumed the garb of the religious, and the courtesans closely imitated it, the better to ensnare admiration.

The State had at length to take cognizance of the numerous scandals which occurred in and outside the convents. A special court of magistrates was appointed to adjudicate upon them. There was no lack of culprits. Youths broke into the convents by night and abducted the nuns. In 1611 a parish priest and a nun, the latter dressed as a friar, evaded a convent. In 1693 an

Englishman, with the aid of a gondolier of the British ambassador, stole a nun from the monastery of the Convertite on the Giudecca. De Brosse tells us that when he was in Venice a new nuncio arrived, and there was keen competition among the nunneries for the "honor" of providing him with a mistress. There is no need to say more on the subject. Scores of children were sent annually from the convents to the Venetian foundling asylums. It could hardly have been otherwise. In the last days of the Republic matters much improved. The nuns were then less free; "they spent their time between sermons and masses, tarts and chocolate." It was rather dull for them, after their lively past. But the dulness was better than licentiousness.

The same taint was upon the Venetians of every class. Mothers disposed of their children without shame, and patricians bought them. Priests and the laity bid against each other for the daughters of these unnatural mothers. Rich fathers bought mistresses for their sons at the age of seventeen or eighteen as an Englishman buys his boy a pony. An official of high rank, troubled because his son spent his time with a courtesan, bade the lad bring her home with him. Three or four youths, the sons of impoverished sires, clubbed together for a courtesan without the least compunction. Husbands thought it no particular shame to turn their wives' beauty to account, and enter their gains categorically in the domestic receipt book.

In the midst of this prevalent infamy, it is quite refreshing to come across a Venetian with the spirit of an old Roman father in him. Sanudo thus briefly commemorates the incident: "Sr. A. Morexini, a lawyer, took his son before the magistrates for having kissed a woman and stolen a jewel, and exclaimed in public, 'Hang him—cut off his head!' and so it was done."

This was in 1500, before matters were at their worst, and before those strong protests against the effeminacy, luxury, and religious disbelief of the age which rendered the sixteenth century the most

remarkable since the death of Christ. It was the century of Luther and Henry VIII., as well as of Raphael, Titian, Cellini, and Michael Angelo. It was also the century in which certain Germans combined under a vow never to wash themselves.

In 1668 the Grand Council made the wearing of wigs a penal offence. In the eighteenth century it was the exception to see a rich Venetian who did not wear a wig. Both Venice and its laws were alike becoming impotent. It was as vain for the State to struggle against rich furs, long dresses, enamelled necklaces, English hosiery, embroidered gloves, and expensive fans, as to struggle against the importation of wigs.

Thus the rule of the barber came in — a rule as degrading and singular as anything else in Venetian history. Of course, we do not imply that these gentry of the comb and scissors actually deposed the red-gowned patricians, or wrote their names in the Golden Register. But they acquired a sort of backstairs influence which was of considerable account in a State vitiated through and through. When ladies were wont to spend seven hours daily in their dressing-rooms, the assistants of their toilet were likely to become a power in their lives. This power did not make itself felt necessarily in the husbands of the Venetian ladies. Venetian husbands did not devote much time to their own wives. It was the lovers of other men's wives who were affected by the influence of these knights of the comb.

"Our profession," says the barber in Albergati's comedy, "The Wise Friend," "is much esteemed everywhere. I will speak frankly. None of those ladies disdain to flirt with us, and they can see us daily without exciting talk, because the pretext of having their heads tired is ready to hand. Now and then it happens that the business of combing lasts two hours or more, without the chance of getting a word to ourselves. But if the lady knows her business, when I am about to powder her she turns to the tiresome visitors round her, and, with many ex-

pressions of regard for their clothes, sends them off; and then we can talk at our ease. But this does not often occur, because folks who are wise know better than to visit ladies at the toilet hour, since that is the time either for love or ill-humor. Some ladies choose us for their secretaries and confidants, and then we get heaps of presents and serviceable protection."

The *cicisbeo* also was an institution that cannot be overlooked. In the eighteenth century he flourished in Venice as perhaps in no other Italian city. We shall not be doing him a wrong if we describe him generically as a being in whom passionate sensibility of a singularly limited kind was the substitute for natural human passions. It is almost impossible for us northerners to take the *cicisbeo* seriously. He was a cross between a pet dog and a lady's maid, and was beneath him both. Conceive an adult patrician who was satisfied to dance attendance upon his heart's charmer, who even helped her to dress and undress, and was yet content to kiss her hand! Doubtless, in this venal age, the husbands did not mind him. He was a sort of guarantee that they might have liberty to do as they pleased. Goldoni, in his memoirs, shows us distinctly what his *rôle* was supposed to be. He tells of a certain married lady who complained to her *cicisbeo* that one of her servants had treated her with disrespect. "He ought to be punished," said the *cicisbeo*. "Whose duty is it," retorted the lady, "if not yours, to see that I am obeyed and respected by my servants?" There were Venetian ladies who had an entire suite of *cicisbei*; one gave her his arm when she went to church or paid visits, and others held her fan, her handkerchief, or her mass book. Nor was it very rare for the *cicisbeo* to be mentioned in the marriage contract, as an indisputable appanage of the bride.

The old energy of spirit seemed to have died out of the Venetian temperament. Little by little Venice was clipped of her once great estate, and little by little the Venetians lost those qualities which more than aught else

had built up this estate. The training to which the children of patricians were subjected in the eighteenth century did not fit them for noble deeds. The domestics were their humble servants from the time they could stammer a bidding. They spoilt them to the uttermost; nor was this counterbalanced at all by the rigorous show of respect which it behoved them to pay their parents. Playing cards, with the letters of the alphabet stamped upon them, taught them the rudiments of their education. At the age of seven or thereabouts a priestly tutor (more often than not a Jesuit) took them in hand; and they were hardly in their teens before they were knee-deep in the dissolute pleasures of the *Ridotto* and the private gaming-houses. As children they were taught the arts of ceremony. The boys wore swords, and made fine speeches to girls who were hardly more than babies. They comported themselves for all the world like the porcelain statuettes which the china factories used to be so fond of turning out. Thus they qualified themselves for the career of negligent husband or of *cicisbeo*, almost the only one that remained for them.

The paintings of Tiepolo have a character worthy of the age in which they were wrought. No man ever depicted ballet girls and angels with more grace. The mind is theatrically ravished by some of his frescoes. It does not matter whether they decorate the ceilings of churches or of private palaces; in either case they produce the same effect. Even when he is scriptural he recalls the *Alhambra* rather than the New Testament. In all probability he could not help himself. Even as Veronese objectifies for us Venice of his century, be his subject what it may, so Tiepolo does the same. If masks were put upon his angels and his nymphs could strike harmonies from the musical instruments with which he furnished them, Venice of the middle of the eighteenth century would be brought home to us with complete force.

Though impoverished and undermined in spirit, there yet remained to the Venetians much of the amiability

which was always one of their seducing charms. The *Marangona* had long ceased to be an integral part of the life of the city. The arsenals, once so thronged by operatives, began to present the melancholy appearance of desertion and supersession which they maintained until Italy became united under Victor Emanuel. It was all the poorer people could do to keep body and soul together. Indeed, many patricians whose names had for centuries been honored in Venetian history were obliged after a ceremonial show in the streets or at the ducal palace to return to a simple meal of watermelons in their great houses, which they had not the means to keep up. The poor did not, as in France, hate their richer brethren and charge them with occasioning their misery. It often happened that the rich patrician had stood godfather to the child of the starving mechanic. This was an indefeasible bond of sympathy between them. If the patrician could help the other, he might be relied on to do it. Industry of all kinds languished. The glass works of Murano lost their long established importance. In the sixteenth century twenty-eight thousand pieces of cloth were made in the city; towards the end of the eighteenth century the amount was only eight hundred pieces. The people shrugged their shoulders and smiled. Their decadence was pitiable; yet they could not but acknowledge that it was inevitable. In 1757 the clerk of the controller of the Mint was convicted of embezzling 5,974 ducats of State money. This was a particularly grave crime. Nevertheless, when it was known that the man had a destitute family, charity boxes were set in the churches in their behalf, and sixteen thousand lire, or more than £600, was thus collected for them. This is a trait of the age worth recording.

"It was a time of noisy festivals and dull curses, of latent misery and ostentatious munificence, of elegant immorality and open hypocrisy." Perhaps Venice was never more alluring than when the Venetians lived and moved in it like the people in Watteau's pic-

tures, when Goldoni was writing immortal comedies at £12 apiece, when the Ridotto was daily thronged with patricians and strangers, when the canals were first lighted with torches in iron sconces, and when France was beginning that upheaval which was to result, among much else, in the overthrow of the Lion of St. Mark. Senatorial work had become a mere farce. The councillors, like the rest of the city who could afford it, lived for pleasure, not business. Motions were read and confirmed all in a breath. This done, the Venetian oligarchs sighed with relief and fell to talking about their love affairs and evening engagements. It was significant that while public gambling lasted, at the Ridotto a patrician sat at the head of each of the ten tables and showed the notes and gold with which he was ready to play against all comers. The only condition he made was that players should be either patricians like himself or masked. In the evening the younger nobles amused themselves for an hour or two at the theatre. Here their behavior was not always worthy of their gentle origin and polite upbringing. We read that they took pride in spitting from their boxes upon the heads and shoulders of the people in the pit. Conduct of this kind, however, was, of course, exceptional.

Such was Venice when the end came. The last doge, a poor, weak fellow, bowed the head to Napoleon when the demand was made. He called it "resignation to the Divine will;" a congenial euphemism. On the 12th May, 1797, of five hundred and forty-seven members of the Great Council, only thirty made a stand against Napoleon's request that the government should be changed. Thus the oligarchy died. A brief dramatic frenzy took the people when they learnt what had happened. They mutilated the winged lion of St. Mark and burned the Golden Register and ducal standards in the Piazza of St. Mark, while "a knot of half-naked women danced the *carmagnola*" round the tree of liberty. This was notably appropriate; for it was within a stone's

throw of the prison in which *Carmagnola* himself, three centuries and a half before, was deprived of both liberty and life by the Venetian Senate.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

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IN LURID LIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

THOUGH only an hour's rail journey from Paris, the village of Dubourg still nestles in all its rural beauty by the banks of the placid Oise. From Dubourg the river flows on peacefully to quaint Pontoise, passing on its way poor hamlets and charming villas, surrounding in its sweeping curves picturesque islands, and helping to give indescribable pleasure to hundreds of devoted fishermen, who may always in summer time be seen, rod in hand, waiting patiently for a welcome jerk at the other extremity of the line.

But Dubourg differs from most of the other hamlets on the Oise in that its houses are grander, its gardens more cared for and more highly cultivated, whilst its gently rising hill is crowned by an old Norman church, now too large for its few worshippers.

On summer evenings the young men and the girls come down to the riverside, and sit on the banks idly watching the currents and the pleasure boats; or else they plunge into some near copse, and there find enough amusement and pleasure in tender, mutual passages, the language of the eye, or the more entrancing language of the lips. Thus the hours fly like single minutes, and heaven appears within easy reach; yet Milton made a mistake in describing hell as being far away from heaven; he should have placed only a narrow gulf, if a deep one, between them, for sometimes those who are living in a heaven of love find that it needs but one step to pass the boundary.

At least, at Dubourg they would say so if you mentioned the name of Margot Gérard; and this is the story, stranger than fiction, which they will tell you about her.

On a certain bright summer's evening, when the sun was setting in red splendor behind the tower of Dubourg church, Margot was standing with her back against an oak-tree. She was very beautiful, but of that type of beauty which often fails to attract vulgar admiration. Tall, exquisitely proportioned, with a head well poised on her rounded neck, and with a freedom of limb and movement found usually in the highly cultivated, though occasionally in its most perfect form in the uncultivated classes.

Margot's father was neither rich nor poor. He was the innkeeper of Dubourg—a stern, ill-tempered man, but honest as far as money transactions were concerned, and therefore respected for this virtue by the neighbors, who did not see him when he was exercising marital or parental authority.

If M. Gérard was obeyed, well and good; if he was thwarted, then there was the devil to pay.

Madame Gérard had long ago found out that submission was her lot, but the more the meek woman gave in, the more her tyrant bullied her. She was his by the law of the land; his to force into his grooves; his to mould into one shape, and, if he liked, to remould into another. But because Philibert Gérard had bent that poor sapling his wife, he concluded he could do the same by his daughter, who was also his sole property, his chattel, his plaything, his servant.

Through her childhood Margot had thought the same, because she had grown up under her mother's teaching; but gradually the girl became conscious of a change in her ideas. She asked herself the question why. Why was she to be a slave to her father's imperious will? Why was her life and her mother's life to be made utterly wretched by the domineering temper of a man, even if that man were her father?

Margot being the product of two natures, something of Philibert's determination mingled with the patience of the mother. Had nothing called out the

fiercer and more animal character, Margot Gérard might have loved and lived like any other French girl of her class; but there was that brutal, obstinate, determined father always there, always ready to thwart both wife and daughter; and gradually Margot learned that her own heart contained both good and evil in strongly marked contrast.

It was the day her father raised his hand to strike that meek possession, his wife, that Margot discovered the strength of her passion. Philibert was not given to striking, being better able to enjoy inflicting mental torture; but on this special occasion he raised his hand, not deigning to notice that his daughter was standing close to her mother.

Suddenly, as his hand descended, Margot sprang forward and stood up with flashing eyes in front of her mother. The blow fell on the girl's shoulder. She did not feel the bodily pain, but suddenly the revolt of her whole mental nature was completed.

"*Lâche!*" she cried, "if you must strike some one, strike me; I am strong."

Philibert remained staring stupidly at this picture of enraged girlhood, and for the first time he realized fully that this child of his, this Margot, was very beautiful, and that she was now a woman. Whilst the girl was debating what her father would do next, he was thinking, "She is a handsome girl. She must marry *le vieux* Tanier; he is the richest man about here, and he will be only too glad, the old rascal, to get such a wife, for the pretty widow at Pontoise jilted him the other day. I have a good idea this time, but he must pay me well for it."

Aloud he said, and laughed, yes, actually laughed as he spoke, "Get along with you, Margot; this is not your business."

The evil look in Margot's eyes grew more intense.

"You shall not bully me as you have always bullied my mother," she said, throwing back her head, whilst the light through the venetian blind fell on the great coils of shining hair, that looked



like a nest of black snakes. "I am big enough now to defend her and myself too."

"Fool," muttered Philibert; "if you want to insult some one, I'll find you a husband; try it on him when you are married, and then see how you succeed." After this reply M. Gérard walked back to the public room, spoke civilly to his customers, and inquired for the last news from the town.

"Pontoise is dead alive," said one; "I wonder it does not drop asleep altogether."

"Monsieur Tanier has just settled to buy Maison Rouge, near the church here," added another. "That artist from Paris has become bankrupt, so *le vieux* Tanier has got it cheap. He must buy a wife now, *sapristi!*"

"So he must," said Philibert, laughing, and looking out of the corner of his small, cunning eyes; "but in these days wives are dear to buy, the ladies know too well how rich he is."

In the back room Margot was kneeling by Madame Gérard, quivering with excitement and passion, as she hid her face in her mother's lap.

"How did he dare to strike you?" she said fiercely, grasping the elder woman's arm; "how did he dare? Oh! just now I felt as if——"

"Hush, child, he is thy father;" but a few tears fell on Margot's black coils of hair.

"My father—I know; but he made me feel so wicked—oh, so wicked!"

Madame Gérard was not able to understand the girl's feelings. She only wanted to quiet her, and make her patient as she herself was patient.

"You should not have stood up against him, my child. Some men are like that; but you must marry a good husband, Margot, and then perhaps you will be happier than I have been. You are nearly eighteen, my poor Margot; but you stayed too long at the convent, where they know nothing of real life. Yes, women must be patient—it is God's will."

"God's will!" laughed Margot, and her laughter had a far-off echo of Phil-

ibert's merriment. "Look here, mother; Gabriel Renon came last night to ask me if—I would be his wife; he wants to ask my father. I told him——"

"*Mon Dieu*, Margot! what are you saying? Gabriel must wait. If thy father were asked straight off he would say no. We must go gently to work; he must get accustomed to the idea; but, oh, child, do you love Gabriel?"

"Love Gabriel! Mother, why do you ask? You know we have always loved each other,—you know it; he says ever since we were children he meant to make me his wife; we have cared for no one else; why should my father object?"

"Gabriel is not rich, Margot; his father will not give him his boat business till he dies; now he only works for wages."

"Rich! What do I care about money? Father is not poor, and does that make you happy? We have plenty to eat, and we can each wear a silk dress on Sunday, but where is happiness in this house? At least Gabriel will never beat me."

Margot stood up proudly now, and her face was lit up for a moment with a beautiful look of young love, a love which trusts and believes so much, and which imagines that strong will can conquer destiny and can bend fate.

"Be patient, Margot," said Madame Gérard, taking up her needlework with a sigh; "I will see what your father says about Gabriel. You are still young, and the good God knows everything, and all that befalls us is his will."

But Margot belonged to young France; she never openly said so, but she no longer believed in *Le Bon Dieu*, as did her mother. All her life at home she had lived in fear of her father; she had dreaded his footstep; she had learnt to hide all joy from him for fear he should take it away; she had hated to feel this fear, and now she longed for deliverance. If the curé who preached obedience to parents had not likened God's love to a father's affection, then Margot might have believed in *Le Bon Dieu*, as did her mother; but this being the case, Margot rejected the curé's

arguments as unsound, and would not believe in a higher power who could interfere with her unrealized hopes. Her mother was a very faithful daughter of the Church, she never missed the services, and was always praying; but what good, Margot argued, had all this done her?

Philibert wished to stand well with the curé, and so liked his wife and daughter to go to church. He said it gave him the benefit of devotion without the trouble of it.

Thus Philibert, who encouraged secret gambling, stood well with the world and the Church.

Up till now he had kept Margot in proper seclusion. She had stayed at the convent longer than most girls. Since her return home she had never been seen in the public room, but on the day when Margot received the blow for her mother, Philibert said to himself, "M. Tanier will come and play at cards to-morrow evening; then I shall tell Margot to take him his *petit verre*, *sapristi!*"

Before to-morrow, however, was to-day; and for young people to-day sometimes means an eternity of happiness. To Margot it meant a prearranged meeting with Gabriel, for when Philibert was playing cards his wife and daughter could breathe freely; it was their little foretaste of heaven, and heaven to Madame Gérard meant uneventful and uninterrupted peace and no Philibert.

To Margot it meant on this particular evening a hurried walk down to the river, where the ferryman was waiting to take over the passengers. Dubourg had lately lost its bridge, and the rebuilding of the fallen fabric was a serious consideration.

The old boatman nodded and smiled at Margot, thinking how pretty Philibert's daughter looked in her large Tuscan hat with red poppies.

"You want to take a walk on the other side, Mam'sel Margot; it's a beautiful evening certainly."

"Take me over quickly, Joseph; don't wait for any one else."

"M'sieu Renon's got all his boats out  
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to-night; the visitors were quarrelling for them an hour ago."

"I don't want a pleasure boat. I'm going into the woods to get some herbs for my mother. How lovely the river is this evening, Joseph!" Margot leaned over the boat and gazed at the rippling water with a look of passionate admiration, because her thoughts were chiefly occupied with Gabriel, and almost before Joseph touched the opposite bank the girl sprang out lightly. With a nod and a smile she gave him her sou and hurried along the footpath; then she began running till she was well out of sight of Dubourg, and following the bend of the river, she at last reached a thick hazel-copse.

Now she heaved a sigh of relief; in another moment she descended the bank and found there what she expected to find, Gabriel's little pleasure boat, and Gabriel himself, resting on his oars and watching for her. In a moment he was standing up ready to give her a hand; as he did so their heads bent towards each other and their lips met.

"Gabriel!" she said, under her breath. This one word was all she could utter; it seemed to come from her very soul and to give her infinite rest.

"*Ma chérie*," he answered, watching her as she seized the oars and pulled straight out towards a small, wooded island which lay opposite, and which was called by the peasants *l'Île-de-Veau*.

"Let me row," said Gabriel softly.

"No, no, I like the exercise, it does me good; but tell me, Gabriel, have you really got an hour? Your people won't come back sooner?"

"An hour for certain."

"An hour! how quickly it goes! and I have so much to say."

"Margot, tell me, what does your mother say?"

"She says, patience. I hate patience. What has it given to her? Nothing but misery."

Gabriel was a tall, fine, handsome young man, with the gentlest expression on his face. He was deeply in love,

but his nature was exactly the opposite to Margot's; he was quiet, slow, sure, and persevering. He was his father's right hand, and his mother adored him. He had nothing to find fault with in his life, and he had but one unfulfilled wish—that was, to make Margot his wife. They had always loved each other; he had taught her to handle the oars; he had obeyed her orders and indulged her whims, and in return she had given him that passionate affection the strength of which his first word of love had revealed.

It was an old story, but to them, at present, a perfect story—they loved.

Only this week had the love been put into words, and these words had opened the flood-gates of Margot's passionate nature. The two had gained a great deal, but they had also lost much. Before this meeting it had been all joy; now pain had stepped in and taken a place beside them.

"Well, let us take your mother's advice, *mon ange*, let us be patient," said Gabriel, when they had reached the wooded island. The two stood against a tree, and they saw but each other.

"Yes," she said, "I will be patient if I can." She leaned her head against his shoulder, and at that moment she could have died happy.

"And we can meet here often, darling, and by and by I will get my father to approach the subject, and then——"

"Gabriel," she interrupted fiercely, "you will never love another, will you?" Her heart was beating wildly, she felt almost stifled with her great affection.

Gabriel laughed.

"How could I? and you, Margot, promise me you will never marry another man. I love you, I love you, my darling—I have always loved you!"

They clung to each other for a few moments, and earth was heaven, the future was not, the present reigned supreme.

"This wood feels too oppressive," said Margot at last; "if you have time, row me down the river a little, Gabriel. What a lovely evening! I shall never forget it."

So, very soon, they were gliding close to the wooded banks of the beautiful river, they were brushing against the tall rushes, they were gazing at the meadow-sweet and at the red poppies, they could almost grasp the purple loosestrife, and the convolvulus flung winding garlands near to them, whilst the yellow water-lilies laughed and nodded at their young, passionate love. Farther on they passed the hard-worked peasant, beating the dirty clothes, having long ago forgotten love in labor; but as the two floated past them the women chattered about them as they went on beating, beating to bring white out of black. Just then the curé of that hamlet came up to the washerwomen, and stood by them chatting kindly. He, too, noticed the lovers, who looked so free from care, and he mentally compared them to the brown, shrivelled-up old crones.

"It is hard work, is it not, my good Marthe," he said, "this riverside washing?—very hard work?"

"One gets accustomed to it," was the answer; and the curé walked on, wondering about the inequality of lives, and trying to decipher the word happiness. Who had most of it, those young people, lovers of course, or these poor, humble women? and the comparison brought some sacred words to his memory. "They have washed their robes," he murmured, "and made them white—in the blood of the Lamb." Strange simile, he thought, with always the same recurring mystery of joy mingled with pain.

But the lovers heard nothing of this, and floated on in perfect happiness. This evening life to them was love, and nothing else.

## CHAPTER II.

PHILIBERT had broached the subject very craftily in the form of a few suggestions to Monsieur Tanier.

Margot was of a marriageable age. She was beautiful enough to marry a man of the *beau monde*, but then she was not rich. Any one who made him a reasonable offer for her hand would get a hearing. Girls became so trouble-

some at home, it was better to marry them off early.

It must be owned that as Monsieur Tanier sat in Philibert's room dealing out the cards with experienced fingers, he was not a man with whom a young girl would easily fall in love. His enormous person had no redeeming point except that his hands were small and white, but somehow they had a wicked expression about them, enhanced by being so much out of proportion with his body; and yet he was very proud of them, and liked to display them and the large diamond rings with which he adorned them. He was a very rich man, a retired carriage-builder, a widower, a usurer, and what else was only whispered in private. He had just bought *Maison Rouge* at Dubourg, and he had a girl of fourteen who required a stepmother, for she was the plague of her father's life.

"So your daughter is handsome, is she?" he said, turning his eyes towards Philibert's countenance.

"Well, yes, I think so; but a father is easily mistaken."

"Send her in with a message, and let me see her. *Sapristi!* look, I turn up the ace again; always in luck's way, you see, *mon vieux* Gérard."

The bait was serving its purpose, but Gérard took care not to appear too eager.

"We can't beat the ace, M. Tanier. Yes, yes, you are always in luck's way; but as to Margot. Well, she's got a will of her own. I must not let her guess you want to see her, or she would not come."

"A will of her own! Ah, ah! that is a good joke. What! a girl of eighteen with a will of her own!"

"You must break in the colt before you get a quiet mare. I lead and you follow."

"But that girl of yours —"

"Well, well, we'll see to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and just as Margot and her mother were heaving a sigh of relief as card-playing time approached, an unusual event occurred. Philibert,

smiling, looked in upon the astonished women.

"Margot, there's a gentleman who wants a glass of that old cognac; bring it in to us. Make haste," and he disappeared.

Margot was on the point of going out to meet Gabriel, but she quietly fetched the spirits, and poured out a glass.

"I'll take it," said Madame Gérard. "I don't like you to go there."

Margot stopped short. Her mother's words lit a spark of doubt in her mind.

"Yes, mother, take it; I'm going into the woods." But just as she opened the back door Margot found herself seized by the arm.

"So you disobeyed me, eh! You have learned to have a will of your own, have you? I'll soon teach you better. Now, go at once and fetch the cognac."

"Why am I to go?" said Margot, gazing straight at her father, as the warm color spread over her cheeks, making her look very beautiful.

Her mother had followed her, and now added in a trembling voice, —

"Here, Margot — go quickly, child; it won't take you a minute."

Margot obeyed, but regretted having yielded when she noticed how the stout M. Tanier was leering at her. As if by instinct the truth flashed into her mind, for the man rose and with a bow took the glass from her hands.

"So here is the beautiful demoiselle? Your health, mademoiselle. This is the treasure you have hid so long, Monsieur Gérard, is it?"

Margot turned away without answering, and was in Gabriel's boat before she recovered presence of mind enough to reason sensibly upon the episode.

"Gabriel! such a dreadful thing has happened! I believe my father means me to marry M. Tanier. Do you know him? He is, oh, so ugly! and I am sure he is wicked."

"Your father cannot mean that," said Gabriel, kissing her. "He is old enough to be —"

"Don't talk of it. Anyway, I never will, Gabriel. Come to-morrow evening and tell him — tell my father we

love each other, and that you will marry me without a *dot*."

They went to the Ile-de-Veau, but to-night perfect bliss was not there; the new and terrible idea absorbed them both. At parting they were somewhat heavy-hearted as they gave each other the last kiss.

"You will come, Gabriel?"

"Yes, yes, *ma chérie*, I will come," he answered, as he seized the oars and pulled off to go back for his pleasure party.

Margot hurried home. She was anxious now and impatient. This new cloud had dimmed the horizon, never too bright at home, and uncertainty fretted her.

Meanwhile all had gone well with Philibert's scheme. M. Tanier had been much struck with the girl's beauty, so he was ready to offer himself,—all the more ready, indeed, because he was still smarting from the rejection of the widow.

"Look here, *mon vieux*, that girl of yours is the wife for me; will you give her to me?"

"*Mais!* it's too much honor you do her! No, no, monsieur, look higher. *Diable!* I am a poor man, I can't dower my child."

"Tut, tut! I'm rich enough to marry a girl I like, and I like that girl; but she has a temper of her own, one can see that."

"A little self-willed, perhaps, but easily led when one is firm."

"A wife must be held firmly in these days. Ah, I know how to manage that. Here's an offer. I'll pay the expenses of the wedding, and take her without a dower."

"Well, I can give her a small *dot*; but —"

"Don't trouble yourself about that; if you give her a *dot*, I'll return it to you on the wedding-day. That's a bargain. Why have you kept your treasure hidden away so long? Give me your hand on this transaction."

The two shook hands and sealed the bargain.

Margot and her mother were surprised the next day at the amiable mood

of the master of the house. He laughed and chatted with his wife, praised all she did, and complimented Margot on her beauty; but the girl had an instinct that this behavior boded no good, though her mind was too much taken up with Gabriel's expected visit to unravel the mystery. He was coming, he would claim her, and ah! what a new life would begin. A new life! the past had not been life at all; but now, now with Gabriel's arms round her, and Gabriel's kisses on her lips, that would be life and love in all its perfection.

She did not go out this evening, but she was restless; she could not settle down to her sewing, only when the time drew near she came and knelt down by her mother and told her all the truth.

"Mother, listen, he is coming this evening. I told him to wait till father had done his card-playing, and so when he has moored the boats he will come; do you hear, mother?"

"He; who is coming, child?" said Madame Gérard, trembling. She, too, had a vague suspicion that trouble was at hand.

With flashing eyes Margot started up from her mother's side. This mother was but a poor help in tribulation.

"Gabriel is coming," she said scornfully; "who else should come to claim me? Don't you remember what I told you?"

Madame Gérard shook her head.

"Love is not meant for us, child. Obedience, that is what pleases the good God—that is woman's lot in the world. Gabriel has but little chance."

"Don't say that, mother; we love each other, and that is all that is necessary."

At this moment Philibert stood in the doorway. He had overheard his daughter's last words.

"You love each other, do you, Margot? and pray who is this favored man?"

Margot turned round speechless, and all the color forsook her cheeks, for it is difficult to get over long-rooted fear of



a human being. At that instant, however, Gabriel himself knocked at the door, and, fancying he should find only Margot and her mother, without waiting for an answer he pushed it open and entered.

The sight of him unloosed Margot's tongue.

"Yes, we do love each other; here he is to tell you so. Gabriel, Margot, tell him you want no dot with me—you want nothing, nothing but —"

"Only Margot," stammered poor Gabriel, growing painfully red. "Yes, only her. Oh, Monsieur Gérard, give her to me! We—I love her, and will work for her. I do not want your money. I want nothing, nothing but Margot."

"You want nothing, and have nothing! Come, this is very pretty, my two little turtle-doves; but, let me tell you that Margot is already promised, and that everything is ready for her approaching marriage."

"For my approaching marriage!" said Margot, the color rushing back to her cheeks, whilst a set, determined look came into her face, so that Madame Gérard, though trembling, found courage to speak up for her.

"Philibert, don't say that. Why not let Gabriel marry her? They love each other, and they ask nothing from you."

"Ah, so you too have been plotting! One's own wife a traitor!"

"Philibert! I have never plotted. Abuse me if you will, but let Margot be happy in her own way."

"And so she shall be happy! M. Tanier will cure any little defects of temper in her, and he will make her an excellent husband."

"Monsieur Tanier, that man! never. I will never be his wife," exclaimed Margot angrily.

"Will not? we shall see. Now, Gabriel Renon, off with you, and if ever I see or hear of you talking to my child again you shall suffer for it. It is disgraceful, dishonorable."

"Gabriel," cried Margot, springing towards her lover, "don't forsake me, don't listen to my father. He is cruel, wicked."

But Philibert was not to be thwarted like this; he seized Margot's arm and dragged her away, and poor Gabriel was thrust out of doors by the terrified Madame Gérard.

"Go, go, Gabriel," she implored; "you don't know what my husband is like when he is angry. For Margot's sake go away, and never come back. We must obey him."

"He is a wicked tyrant," muttered Gabriel, as, almost heart-broken, he wandered off, making a thousand impossible plans about seeing and saving his darling from her father's hands.

In spite of plans, however, he dared not go near Philibert's house; so, though for several days he lingered long near the Ile-de-Veau, he saw nothing of Margot, nothing of his own beautiful love. It was bad enough for him, this uncertainty; but he had a strong, cheerful nature, though what made him suffer doubly was his anxiety about Margot. He loved her so deeply that he understood better than any one else her loving, passionate heart, and how much she, too, must be suffering.

"No, no," he thought, "Margot will never marry M. Tanier;" and then the determined expression of Philibert's face rose before him, and made him doubt his own assurance.

On the third day, just as he was thinking that he must leave the trysting-place and fetch off his pleasure party, he heard a soft rustle in the dry grass, the breaking of a few twigs, and in another moment Margot was in his arms.

"My darling," he whispered, "I have waited for you every evening, and now I have only a few moments to spare you."

He held her a little away from him, and looked at her beautiful face; but at once he detected the changes in it. There was a hard look about the mouth, and the dark eyes seemed to flash forth unnatural light.

"You have only a few moments, I know. Ah, Gabriel, how can I live without you? My father is cruel and wicked. Yesterday he made me see that monster. No, no! I will never

marry him ; even the touch of his hand makes me mad. Now—yes, even now—if my father knew I were here, I think—I think he would kill me.”

“But, Margot, what are we to do? what *can* we do? You must not expose yourself to his anger by coming here; some one may see you and tell him.”

Margot laid her cheek on her lover's shoulder and sobbed. Gabriel had never heard her cry like this, and it touched him to the very depth of his being; but at the same time it frightened him.

“Hush, Margot, my darling; let us make some plan. There must be some way out of it.”

The girl shook her head.

“I know him, Gabriel. My father will never give in; but in one thing I can thwart him. I *will* come and see you; nothing shall stop me. To-night I got away because—”

“Because of what?”

Margot disengaged herself from Gabriel's arms, and began to step out of the boat. They both knew they must not linger any longer.

“Because the little empty villa—do you know it, Gabriel, up on the *Route de Paris*?—well, it is on fire. All the village went out to see the sight, and my father, who likes to be thought brave, went too. Up till that time he has watched the river lane for fear I should try to see you. He lets me go elsewhere, but not here.”

“And you escaped? My own Margot, you are running a great risk! Do not despair of the future; God will not separate us.”

“Nor man,” said Margot under her breath. Then she heaved a deep sigh. “Look, Gabriel, now that I have seen you I can bear it for a few days longer, and then if my father will not consent—”

“Patience, my darling,” said Gabriel, again kissing her burning cheeks. “We must part now. Oh, Margot, Margot, be prudent! Don't make your father more angry than he is.”

Gabriel pulled off quickly, and Margot retraced her steps home, taking the less frequented path, and looking ner-

vously around her. When she neared the ferry she distinctly saw the smoke of the villa rising up, and heard the shouts of the people. Her friend, the ferryman, found it a trial to have to stay at his post for chance passengers. His wife had rowed Margot over, but now she had run to the scene of excitement.

“Make haste, Joseph,” said Margot, “take me over quickly. Have you heard about the fire?”

“Yes, mam'sel, I should think so; and if I hadn't to stay here I should be up there too.”

“Was it put out quickly?” asked Margot in a low voice.

“I don't know; but some one told me just now that it was Monsieur Gérard who was the most useful man there. He is as good as four.”

Ten minutes later Margot sat by the window in the family sitting-room. Every one was still out, for a fire was an unusual excitement. She had arranged her interview with Gabriel well. For some time she sat still, staring at vacancy, with clasped hands and eyes that saw nothing. At last the villagers began to return; among them came her mother, who had been up the road to watch the villa being saved by her husband's exertions.

“Why didn't you follow me, Margot? where have you been? A little excitement would do you good.”

“Why should I have come? M. Tanier was with father, and I tell you again, mother, I will have nothing to do with him. Tell me, have you spoken for me to my father? You must influence him, or—or I shall do something desperate.”

“Margot, Margot, do not say that, my poor child! I have done all I could, indeed I have, but your father is determined.”

“And so am I,” answered Margot, starting up and pressing her hot cheek against the window-pane. “Mother, did you never love? don't you know what the pain of it can be?” She folded her arms tightly as if to still her beating heart. “But no,” she added, “you never could have loved as we do.

You don't know Gabriel, how good, how tender he is ! I am not fit to love him, but I cannot help it."

There was no time for more words, for now Philibert came hurrying in from the scene of the fire, and with him came M. Tanier.

"We have had a startling interruption to our game of cards to-day," he said, wiping his forehead. "That fire was hard work ; the owner will reward me handsomely, I hope."

"And my *belle fiancée* would not come to see the sight," said M. Tanier. "Suppose we finish our evening with the ladies." Which they did ; but Margot said to herself, "I can bear it to-night, because I have seen Gabriel. I have had his arms around me. I have felt his kisses on my lips."

#### CHAPTER III.

THE whole of Dubourg soon knew that Philibert Gérard had secured the rich if not highly honored M. Tanier for a son-in-law. Every one wondered how he had managed this ; for though Margot was acknowledged to be good-looking, she was not very popular, and Philibert was said to be very unwilling to part with his money for his daughter's *dot*.

The gossip was made more interesting by hints of a complication about Gabriel Renon. He and Margot had been seen together in earnest conversation ; and though they were, of course, known to be old friends and playfellows, the truth leaked out. It was even said that Philibert had kicked Gabriel out of the house. The Renons were liked and respected ; but when Gabriel was compared with M. Tanier, who could blame Philibert Gérard ? Of course no one in their senses could do so, therefore the sympathy of the village went with the father, and all the acquaintances of the Gérards came to congratulate the lucky girl. The maidens wanted to see her presents, for M. Tanier had already given Margot a pair of diamond earrings, and people blamed his *fiancée* for not wearing them. She was not a sweet-tempered girl evidently — perhaps she was rather young to marry a widower ; but

then what a good home she would have, and what a rich husband !

M. Tanier's new house, *Maison Rouge*, was not far from the villa which had been burned down. He had been much alarmed for fear some sparks should fall on his own roof. No one knew the origin of the accident ; and when the owner came from Paris, he could find no clue to the mystery. The house was empty, and the loss was covered by the insurance, so no great harm was done.

It was just about that time that Philibert and M. Tanier settled that the wedding should take place in a month's time. Orders were given to Madame Gérard to prepare the trousseau ; no expense was to be spared, for M. Tanier wished to make a sensation.

Every evening, instead of playing at cards as formerly, the two men would come into the parlor and endeavor to make agreeable conversation ; but Margot had to stitch away at her trousseau, and seldom spoke or looked up. Madame Gérard tried to exert herself, but she failed signally. Always at eight o'clock this martyrdom began ; and as this was the hour when Margot had been accustomed to meet Gabriel, the pain seemed doubled to her. But as she silently stitched away, she pressed her lips tightly together and made vows. "My father will not let me meet Gabriel, but my will is as strong as his. Gabriel, Gabriel, you are waiting for me. I must see you. I *must*."

This mastering love swept over her with irresistible force ; she could no more control it than she could control the winds of heaven. The kiss that had awakened it still glowed on her lips, and the fire was in her heart. The more her mother wept and counselled patience, the more the terrible passion burnt brightly. If she could have plucked it out and resigned herself, as many a girl had done before her, to a loveless marriage, the agony might have left her ; but no, that seemed impossible to Margot Gérard, and the very presence of M. Tanier in the room added to her mental misery. She seemed to lose the power to reason

with herself. There only remained before her brain the picture of the rippling water of the great river, the cool shade of the copse-wood, and Gabriel, her Gabriel, leaning against the tree, and opening his arms for her to creep to her resting-place.

It was three days since she had seen him. Three days ! it seemed an eternity to the girl, and on that morning she pressed her feverish forehead with her hands and cried aloud, "I *must* see him to-day, but how ?"

The weather that evening was more glorious than ever. The exquisite coloring of the sky filled the poor toilers of earth with fresh energy when, just as M. Tanier and Philibert were entering the parlor, Margot appeared through the garden gate.

"Come, Margot, where have you been ?" asked her father, putting on the soft, patronizing tone which he adopted in M. Tanier's presence.

Margot looked up quietly and threw a bunch of flowers on the table before her mother.

"I picked the flowers for you in the garden."

"We shall have beautiful flowers when you are my wife, *ma belle*," said her lover, leering towards the girl. "You must tell me your favorite plants ; never mind expense."

Madame Gérard suddenly looked up.

"*Mon Dieu !* Philibert ! look at that smoke ! One would say —"

The two men rushed to the window.

"One would say there was a fire at Pantin's house. Come, M. Tanier, our presence will be required. This is getting serious."

Out they rushed. Every door of Dubourg was now flung open, and soon every inhabitant was running towards the scene of excitement. Margot also hastened out, but instead of going towards the village she slipped down the lane and ran along the towing-path. She dared not cross the ferry, but instead, she settled to signal to Gabriel across the river opposite the Ile-de-Veau.

Her feet seemed hardly to touch the ground, and in an incredibly short time

she was waving her handkerchief to her lover as a signal to come and row her across to the island. Not a word did they speak till they were safely hidden in the island wood. Once there, Margot laid her head on Gabriel's shoulder and cried as if her heart would break.

"Margot, Margot, how have you got away ? Dearest, you are risking too much for me, whilst I can do nothing. I shall become mad, I think, for they say your wedding-day is settled."

"Yes, Gabriel, they say so. Oh yes, I have dared a great deal to come to you. If my father knew, I think he would kill me."

Gabriel felt a thrill of fear pass through him, for the words were uttered so fiercely by the sweet lips of his Margot, her cheeks glowed with such an unnatural color, and she seemed like another being and not the girl he had first loved.

He clasped her two hands as he said, —

"Margot, you shall not risk your life for me. Let us look calmly at everything."

"Calmly ! yes, when I am with you ; but oh, Gabriel, they are killing me ! There is a fire here, here in my heart," and she flung her arm round his neck. Gabriel was really frightened now.

"Hush," he said softly ; then suddenly bending his head towards her, he added, —

"Margot, listen to those distant shouts ; what do they mean ? One would say there was another fire."

"Oh no, no, it cannot be ; do not pay any attention to the noise ; think of me, Gabriel. I have only a few moments more. Listen ; tell me you love me, tell me you will not let them marry me to that man."

Gabriel folded her closer to him, but he was still listening to the distant cries.

"Margot, it is a fire ; I ought to go and help. You would not have them call me a coward. My pleasure party are walking home this evening, so I need not stay here. Sweet one, I must go. What will my father say if I —

Look, darling, I will row you as near to your home as it is safe to go, and then I *must* go."

Margot turned deadly pale as he hurried her towards the boat.

"I never thought you would leave me; when can we meet again?"

"I shall be here again two days hence; but do not risk your safety, darling. I am afraid of your father's anger. See, I will make one more appeal to him; I will try to move him."

"That is useless, quite useless. No, we must manage our own affairs. In two days, Gabriel, I shall come; you will meet me here."

Gabriel did not understand her, he hardly took in her meaning, for he was listening to the distant shouts of fire; his manly courage could not be silenced even by his love for Margot. For her own sake he had to land her almost at once. She had only time to give him one last passionate kiss, and then half dazed, she stepped out upon the bank.

"In two days, Gabriel, in two days, and then you must never leave me again."

The fire that had given Margot the sight of her lover was this time a much more serious affair than the last, and it was late before Philibert returned home alone.

"Such destruction! such loss!" he exclaimed; "and the insurance will not cover the damage. M. Tanier was a little burnt. People say it must be the work of some malicious person—they are sure of it. They will watch now, and if found, I would not be in that man's shoes!"

"It is very sad, and it hinders Margot's trousseau," said Madame Gérard.

"Get help, then; it *must* be ready for the wedding-day."

"Father," said Margot, starting up, "I cannot marry M. Tanier. Let me be poor with Gabriel; do not drive me to desperation."

Philibert gave a mocking laugh.

"You shall marry M. Tanier, and you shall never marry Gabriel. Let me hear no more about it—that's my final answer."

The girl turned away silently; but her mother, looking up at that moment, started at the expression of Margot's face.

"Patience, my child," she whispered; but Margot turned away, and hardly heard her mother's comfort.

As Philibert had said, the next night nearly all the men of the village were on the watch for the supposed malicious person; but as nothing happened, the public mind quieted down, and the next day they called it only an accident.

On that evening, however, it was no longer doubted that there was some evil purpose in the fires, for just at eight o'clock the alarm once more sounded down the village.

"Maison Rouge, M. Tanier's house, was on fire!" Hardly had he reached Philibert's parlor than both men had to rush forth again. Margot was not indoors, for at that moment she was hurrying to the Ile-de-Veau for the last time.

"For the last time, do you hear me, Gabriel?" she said, clinging to him passionately, and speaking so quickly that he began to fear for her reason.

"No, no, darling, not the last time; do not say that—no, no. We must find some way; there is yet time."

"Then take me with you now; let us fly from Dubourg."

"And leave my father? My dearest, how is it possible? To-morrow we must consult him. He feels for us, I assure you, but he cannot compete with M. Tanier's riches."

"No, no, Gabriel; to-night, not to-morrow. I have risked everything for that."

"How did you get away? I ought not to let you run such a risk. I blame myself, Margot."

"I never went in," she said slowly.

"They will miss you, darling. What danger you are in for my sake!"

"Yes, in great danger, so let us go away now; let us go to Pontoise—anywhere. Oh, Gabriel, save me!" She came closer to him; she laid her clasped hands on his shoulder, and leaned her head upon them, as she repeated, "Gabriel, save me."



"I cannot do that, Margot ; because — because I love you, I cannot do as you wish. There must be some other way ; perhaps M. le Curé will help us."

Margot wrung her hands.

"There is no help to be got from God or man. Gabriel, if you will not take me away, tell me how long you can stay with me here ? When I see you and feel you close by me, I can breathe, I can live."

"Margot, what is the matter ? — ah !"

He raised his head and listened — his face became paler, and a strange sensation came over him that he was re-enacting a terrible experience. "Ah, listen, Margot ; what is it ?"

She raised herself on tiptoe, and put her small, burning hands over his ears.

"Don't listen, Gabriel ; it is nothing."

He smiled and kissed her hands as he drew them away.

"My poor little one ! you are nervous, frightened ; listen again. Strange, one would say it was — yes, it is the cry of fire again ! Come, Margot, quick ; this time I must go. It is some fiend's work, no mere accident."

He dragged her towards the boat, forgetting now every precaution. The last time he had come too late to be of much use, and his friends had twitted him with it. He was so tall and strong, and was always accustomed to be seen in the forefront of every excitement, that his absence had caused surprise.

"Make haste, Margot, I shall be too late. Good God, what is the matter, darling ? Don't give way. See yonder, the flames are shooting up into the sky ; it is — merciful heavens — it is M. Tanier's house. Margot, do you hear ?"

The girl lay at the bottom of the boat, and her face was hidden. Gabriel's energy seemed to paralyze her. At last she said, —

"Gabriel, if it is *his* house, why do you go to help him ? Turn back."

Gabriel was not shocked ; he fancied poor Margot was hardly responsible for her words. Anxiety had dimmed her ideas of true courage.

"We hate him, it is true ; but all

honest villagers must help each other during a fire, Margot, without remembering private wrongs. It may be our turn next, who knows ? Get up, darling, get up and help me to secure the boat ; from here I can take a short cut to Maison Rouge. *Grand Dieu !* look how the fire is gaining ground. Now, quick — quick ; there is not a moment to lose."

Margot suddenly started up as he said this, and just as they stepped upon the bank she seized Gabriel's arm, with nervous energy.

"Gabriel, don't go ; it is his house. I am glad ; it gave me time — no ; don't look like that."

"My love, my darling, let me go ; don't detain me, I beseech you. The engine cannot come from Pontoise for an hour or more ; every one must help ; there may yet be time."

"If you will go," said Margot fiercely, as she suddenly loosed him, "then go ; but you may as well know it, Gabriel. I — yes — I set it on fire."

"You, Margot ! nonsense. You ! You are mad." He was hastily fastening the rope as he spoke, but his fingers trembled visibly.

"Yes, I did it. I wish I were — Oh, Gabriel, don't go ; it is true. I knew I should get away from my father, and from him too, forever ; and now it is useless if you will go. Gabriel, stay ; take me away ; save me. I am undone."

"Look here, Margot, my little one," said the strong young fellow, stooping down and kissing her tenderly, "you are excited, you do not know what you are saying. Go home now and keep quiet ; to-morrow I promise you I will do something to save you ; but now, *chérie*, I must go. As it is, I have stayed too long. Let me go."

"I can't, Gabriel," she said faintly, still holding his arm.

"What ! you will not ; you wish to shame me before the others ! I shall be called a coward, they will — Come, as you love me, Margot, I beseech you."

She still clung to him, but he shook her off ; then, not daring to look back,

he rushed off at full speed. He should not again be called a coward!

When Gabriel had shaken her off, Margot had suffered as much as it was possible for her to suffer. For a moment she remained staring after her lover in a stupid manner, as if she had lost all feeling; then waking up and quite regardless of her own safety, she took the same path and ran towards the scene of the fire as if she were pursued by the furies.

The evening breeze had risen; the clouds that had been gathering all the afternoon now looked grey and lowering, and, as the flames shot up, the wind wafted them over the roof, thus helping to spread destruction. The stables of Maison Rouge were nearly consumed, but some portion of the house was still free from flames, and it was on this part that the villagers concentrated their efforts. The arrival of Gabriel Renon gave them new courage, — his tall figure was easily seen in the crowd; he was afraid of nothing, and appeared almost fire-proof as he made several successful raids into the burning house. M. Tanier, on the other hand, seemed entirely to have lost his head; he tore his hair, and bemoaned himself in a piteous and ludicrous manner, for now that the danger concerned himself he was no longer brave.

There was great difficulty in getting a good water supply, the river being just too far off to be of much use; and the supply that was available proved quite insufficient to stamp out the fire.

"Oh, my pictures, my furniture!" cried M. Tanier; "the treasures I had collected, they are priceless. Save them, my good people; I will reward you well."

No one took much heed of these lamentations, for Philibert was the leader of the crowd. They obeyed him because he was so cool and so collected, and certainly the right man in the right place. It was of course for his interest to save as much of his future son-in-law's property as possible — it was almost like saving his own wealth; so M. Gérard dashed in and out of the burn-

ing house in a truly heroic fashion. During one of his raids, and just as he paused on the threshold, M. Tanier seized hold of him.

"My friend, how can I thank you enough? you are invaluable, but perform one more heroic action. Look, in that room above, there is my most valuable possession, a red box; go up and save it. I dare not; they say the stairs are not safe, and I am not active."

He pointed to a closed window above them; but as they both gazed, suddenly the window was thrown open and Margot stood there before them. She seemed to them like some unearthly apparition, so unexpected was her presence; but even as she flung back the window the flames from the adjoining casement seemed to thrust out forked tongues, and, as it were, to surround the girl with a flame of fire.

"Margot!" shouted her father, "how came you there? Come down at once, girl. What folly! What madness!"

Then, remembering the red box, he shouted, "Look for a red box, Margot; save it if possible, and make haste. Look, M. Tanier, she is gone to fetch it. How my child loves you!"

In another moment Margot reappeared, and lifting the red box upon the sill, she remained there motionless; she might have been dreaming, so calm and imperturbable did she look.

"My child, *ma belle*," cried M. Tanier, delighted to see his coffer, "drop it down; but come back yourself, I beseech you. Don't you see the danger? Save yourself, for pity's sake, come. *Ciel!* how calm the girl appears! she is dazed."

"I shall stay here," said Margot, flinging down the box, "but remember I have saved this for you; there it is."

M. Tanier seized it as it fell; but now Philibert was seriously alarmed for his child's safety.

"Surely she has lost her head. M. Tanier, I saw Gabriel Renon on the other side; fetch him. Tell him of Margot's danger; he will save her. Look! the smoke is issuing from the roof just above her."

M. Tanier went off; but Philibert

made a courageous dash through the burning house, and in spite of those who tried to detain him, groped his way up the stairs as he cried back to them,—

"I must go, I must save my child. She has lost her head, she is mad. Fetch Renon, for we cannot come back this way." He could hardly tell afterwards how he reached the room, he only knew that suddenly he found himself by Margot's side in a spot comparatively free from smoke. She had stepped away from the window after shutting it, and with folded arms and drooping head awaited her father, but now she looked like a criminal before her judge.

Philibert had but one thought—that was, to save her and himself; she was doubly precious now that she was as good as married to M. Tanier. He made one step towards her, but Margot thrust him back with her outstretched arm. "What do you want with me? I have done what you wished. I have saved M. Tanier's property."

"Margot, you are mad; there is not a moment to waste. Come, we shall have to leap from the window; even now the stairs are falling."

"I will follow you," she said suddenly, lifting her head, "on one condition. You have been a tyrant, you have ruined my mother's happiness, and you wish to ruin mine, but —"

"Be quiet, Margot; give me your hand. Fool, is this a time for conditions?"

He tried to open the door, and failed; it had become jammed. For the first time Philibert experienced the fear of death; he staggered towards Margot.

"We must risk the jump. Hark! do you hear? they are calling us."

There was indeed a wild cry from below, and Philibert tried to drag his daughter back to the window. Margot looked up with a smile, an exasperating smile, upon her lips.

"You shall hear my condition. Father, I set fire to this house so that I might go and meet Gabriel; but if —"

"You! I don't believe it."

"If you will let me confess this to M. Tanier, I will follow you now. After

that you need not fear he will marry me. I warned you that I would not be his wife."

"You—you did that!" gasped Philibert; "and the other two fires—did you —"

Margot assented in silence, then added, "They gave me an hour with Gabriel."

Philibert was beside himself with rage; he even seized Margot and shook her violently.

"You are a wicked woman, Margot. You deserve what you will get if this story becomes known. You will ruin me. They will put you in prison. My prospects are gone, I am undone; they will seize all my money for compensation. Speak, you wretched girl; who knows this besides yourself?"

"Gabriel knows it, but he does not believe it. It is your fault. Now, save yourself; soon it will be too late." She was still quite calm.

Philibert was afraid of death, and Margot's words were true. Foiled in every direction, he yet believed he could conquer fate, but to do this life was necessary. He loosed Margot and rushed to the window, and once more he flung it open. He gazed on the shouting crowd below him, and the first person he saw was Gabriel Renon.

"Save us," he cried, willing now to be indebted to Gabriel's strength, for he knew the young fellow would dare everything for Margot—"save us; she is here, and the stairs are impassable."

Gabriel's face was strangely altered with the agony he was experiencing. His Margot was up there—he had only just heard of it, and had been able to fill in some of the outlines of the truth. He had run to a neighbor to procure a ladder, and was at this moment placing it against the wall. It was too short, but as Philibert looked down, he felt he must think now only of himself, though he shouted back,—

"Margot, follow me. I will get down and help you."

He tried to swing himself down from the window-sill, but failed from nervousness and from the pain he experienced whilst touching the burning

woodwork. Margot suddenly came forward; she saw her father's danger, and, stretching out her hand, seized his arm only just in time to save him from a dangerous fall.

At the same instant Gabriel ran up the ladder. The crowd was cheering him on, but he heard nothing, saw nothing but Margot; he must save her, save his darling. However, Philibert was there in his way; it was Margot's father he first received, almost from his daughter's arms, for M. Gérard at that instant, receiving a blow from a burning tile, fainted, almost overturning Gabriel as he supported him in his arms.

"Take him, take him," he cried to the crowd; "I must go to her. There is yef time, there must be."

He ran up again, right up to the top of the ladder. He stretched out his arms, calling her by her name; then, as if his voice had restored her power of thinking and moving, Margot bent forward. She did not heed the flames, that, like a fiery aureole, seemed for a moment to encircle her, and then, as if afraid of such prey, suddenly drew back and revealed to poor Gabriel his darling's head with its coils of black hair crowning her youthful beauty.

That look brought back all Margot's life, all her desire for life.

"Gabriel! Gabriel! save me, save me!" she cried; "he cannot claim me now, Gabriel, Gabriel! he knows all."

He was close to her now, his arms almost touched hers, in another moment their lips might have met.

"Let yourself down, my darling. Do not be afraid; I am here, I am strong, I can hold you."

But all at once Margot realized that she was on fire. A puff of wind had driven those cruel tongues again towards her, and they seemed eager for their prey. She did not think of herself now, she hardly realized the scorching pain. To allow Gabriel to save her would be perhaps to bring death to him, for the fire that was fast wrapping her round would not spare him. She loved him better than she loved herself. Suddenly, when within reach of him, she drew back — back into the dense smoke

and the sheet of fire, and back into certain death.

Left to himself Gabriel would have followed her, but other hands seized him and dragged him away by main force. Why, said they, should two die? he had done his utmost. They were not a moment too soon; with a terrible noise, as of some hideous, fiery, hissing monster, the roof above Margot fell in, and the crowd below knew that Philibert's beautiful daughter would never again be seen in this world.

In the lurid light of scorching suffering did Margot, with one last act of passionate love, expiate her crime?

ESME STUART.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

"CORSICA" BOSWELL.

EVERY one knows Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and most people who have read it once have read it often; but much fewer people have read his first essay in the art of note-taking and personal description. Yet it is worth reading, and contains the portrait of an interesting man. The people of Corsica still remember Pascal Paoli with gratitude, and only a year ago removed his bones from their London burial-place to give them an honorable tomb in his own island. He was, indeed, when Boswell visited him, engaged in a very difficult task. The people of Corsica were a race nearly barbarous, and had the virtues and the vices of barbarians. Simple in their living, virtuous, religious, and brave, their history is deeply stained with violence and blood. So weak was the law that early in the eighteenth century nearly every private injury was still punished by the *vendetta*, and nearly eight hundred persons were said to perish annually by it. For not only was a personal wrong punished by the assassination of the guilty individual, but the *vendetta transversa*, as it was called, extended to whole families: "If a man had received an injury, and could not find a proper opportunity to be revenged on his enemy personally, he revenged himself on his enemy's

relations." It was plain that such a custom, long inveterate, indicated a contempt for law for which some reason was to be sought in the history of the island.

The fact was that Corsica had never had a national existence. From the beginning of the fourteenth century it had been under the power of the republic of Genoa; but the tyranny and misgovernment of that State had excited perpetual outbreaks on the part of the inhabitants, in the course of which one concession after another was wrung from the republic, until by the beginning of the eighteenth century the Corsicans had secured a considerable amount of autonomy, while the Genoese only retained and garrisoned the seaport towns of Bastia, Calvi, San Fiorenzo, and Ajaccio. Even from these the Corsican patriotic party made frequent efforts to eject them, at one time under the leadership of Paoli's father, at another by electing as king Theodore Baron Neuhoﬀ, whose chequered career came to an end in London, soon after he had left a debtor's prison in 1756, from which he had been rescued by a subscription raised by Horace Walpole, having entered as his sole asset in the schedule of his bankruptcy "The Kingdom of Corsica." By this time the French government had begun to fear that if Corsica succeeded in emancipating itself from Genoa, one of the great powers would take possession of it. Accordingly in 1738 by a treaty made at Versailles the king of France undertook to reduce the island to obedience to the republic of Genoa, and Count de Boisseux was sent thither with troops. On his death in February, 1739, the work which he had successfully begun was completed by Maillebois. The patriotic generals retired to Naples, and no further rising was attempted until the French troops were withdrawn in 1741, when the whole resources of France were required for the war with Austria. From 1745 to 1755 the old intermittent struggles of the Corsicans against the Genoese went on with varying success under Count Rivarola, Matra, and Gaffori; sometimes with only their own

resources to depend upon, sometimes assisted by English ships, for Genoa was in alliance with France. In 1753 Gaffori was assassinated, it was believed at the instigation of the government of Genoa. He had been "general," and had initiated a system of government sufficiently stable to work for two years without a successor in his office. It was not until 1755 that Pasquale de Paoli was elected general. In this same year the French again intervened, not this time to put down the Corsican government, but to prevent the expulsion of the Genoese garrisons from the seaport towns. The French army of occupation was commanded by Marbœuf and was sufficient to crush the islanders' aspirations for independence. Rousseau wrote bitterly of this interference with liberty, vowing his countrymen to be so slavishly minded, so wedded to a life of tyranny, that if they heard of one free man at the uttermost parts of the earth, they would go there for the purpose of killing him.

The problem, therefore, which Paoli had to solve was how to govern a wild and semi-barbarous race, to civilize them, to teach them respect for law, to educate them, and to persuade or force them to relinquish the vendetta which disgraced and weakened them, and yet at the same time to encourage their martial ardor and love of freedom without provoking the active hostility of the French garrison. For though he lived on good terms with the French officers, there was always present the fear that their passive attitude might be changed to one of active hostility, and even the measure of independence then enjoyed by the Corsicans be sacrificed, as actually happened in 1769. Meanwhile, Paoli had some years of peace to carry on the reforms of government and manners which he had at heart. He was by no means absolute; his official position as general only gave him a casting vote in a supreme council of nine, who were in their turn controlled by an elaborate system of popular election. But his personal influence seems for a time to have been unlimited, and to have been exercised in a manner which se-



cured universal affection and respect. He endeavored to stop the vendetta transversa by attaching marks of infamy to the assassin over and above the penalty of death ; and he labored to inspire the people with a sense of dignity and responsibility. "Our State," he remarked to Boswell, "is young and still requires the leading strings. I am desirous that the Corsicans should be taught to walk of themselves. Therefore when they come to me to ask whom they shall choose for their *padre del commune*, or other magistrate, I tell them, 'You know better than I do the able and honest men among your neighbors. Consider the consequences of your choice not only to yourselves but to the island generally.' In this manner I accustom them to feel their own importance as members of the State." These seem honest and statesmanlike sentiments, and if Paoli did not always act up to his theory he is not the only one who has so failed. Apart from his political position Paoli was a man of good education, a fair scholar, much devoted to literature, and fond of discussing questions of philology and other learning. When he came to London in 1769, after his escape from Corsica, he lived a good deal with the literary people. We hear of him entertaining Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and others of that set ; and the speech attributed to him in regard to Goldsmith showed taste as well as politeness : "M. Goldsmith est comme la mer, qui jette des perles et beaucoup d'autres belles choses sans s'en apercevoir." In his first interview with Johnson he discussed some points of learning so well, that the doctor, who did not often deal in compliments, said, "Sir, you talk of language as if you had never done anything else but study it, instead of governing a nation." His private character was also peculiarly pure and unselfish ; and his appearance noble and commanding. "He has the loftiest port of any man I have ever seen," said Johnson.

Such was the man whose fame attracted Boswell to visit Corsica in 1765. The object was not an unworthy one,

and Boswell's treatment of his hero showed a good deal of the skill, and not a little of the unscrupulous persistence, which characterized his later dealings with Johnson. He not only reported his public actions and words, but he watched him at receptions, at table, in his dressing-room ; he put leading questions to him on all kinds of subjects, hardly concealing the note-book in which he recorded his answers. The result is a picture of a man of great good sense, good temper, and candor ; a man of enlightened views, without parade, but at the same time with considerable dignity of person and address. He seems to have taken just that curious liking to Boswell which Johnson did, a liking not at all incompatible with a considerable dash of contempt. At first, indeed, Boswell's use of his note-book roused feelings in Paoli the reverse of friendly. He afterwards described his first impression to Miss Burney at Streatham : "He came to my country, and he fetched me some letter of recommending him ; but I was of the belief that he might be an impostor, and I supposed in my mind he was an espy ; for I look away from him, and in a moment I look to him again and I behold his tablets. Oh ! he was to the work of writing down all I say ! Indeed I was angry. But soon I discovered he was no impostor and no espy ; and I only find I was myself the monster he had come to discern. Oh, he is a very good man ; I love him indeed ; so cheerful ! so gay ! so pleasant ! But at the first, oh, I was indeed angry !"

The journal composed by these means constantly amuses by its *naïveté* and self-exposure, as well as by the real skill displayed in delineating the hero and in observing society. Boswell begins with a great parade of his letter of introduction from Rousseau, who had already been invited to reside in the island as guide, philosopher, and friend, like Voltaire with Frederick the Great. After some delay Rousseau had answered Boswell's application by sending a letter telling him where to go and to whom to apply, but carefully abstaining

from committing himself as sponsor for his discretion. Quite content with the letter, however, Boswell sailed from Leghorn in September, 1765, for Corsica, requiring "the bracing air of that island after a too long sojourn at sweet Siena." Of the licentiousness of his life in Italy he is always prating or hinting. He confides the secret to every one; and some Corsicans who sailed with him, and with whom he quickly became intimate, thought it necessary to warn him, "That he would be treated with the greatest hospitality by the islanders; but that if he attempted to debauch any of their women he might lay his account with instant death." With this salutary caution Boswell landed at Centuri. He is delighted to observe that the people believed him to be coming in a quasi-diplomatic capacity from the English government. He disclaimed it in such a way that they only thought him "a very close young man!" He was received with great kindness by every one to whom he brought letters, and passed on from house to house, and monastery to monastery, on his road to Sollacaro, where Paoli resided. His first experience was a sermon from the parish priest at Centuri on hell, from which he reports a sentence: "Saint Catherine of Siena wished to be laid on the mouth of that dreadful pit, that she might stop it up, so as no more unhappy souls might fall into it. I confess, my brethren, I have not the zeal of holy Saint Catherine. But I do what I can; I warn you how to avoid it." The next thing he retails is a breach of manners on his own part. There were scarcely any inns in Corsica, and he was constantly entertained in private houses. "But," says he, "I sometimes forgot myself, and imagining that I was in a public house called for what I wanted with a tone which one uses in calling to the waiters of a tavern. I did so at Tino, asking for a variety of things at once; when Signora Tomasi perceiving my mistake looked in my face and smiled, saying with much calmness and good nature, 'Una cosa dopo un'altra, Signore.'" Having thus anticipated

involuntarily the hero of "She Stoops to Conquer," and having received such a snub (which probably not another man in the world would have published) he proceeds to the capital, Corte. He describes the university and its library there, but what most interested him was a visit to the prison and the hangman. "There were then three criminals in the Castle: a man for the murder of his wife; a married woman who had hired one of her servants to strangle a woman of whom she was jealous; and the servant who had actually perpetrated the barbarous deed. They were brought out from the cells that I might talk with them. The murderer of his wife had a stupid and hardened appearance, and told me he did it at the instigation of the devil. The servant was a poor, despicable wretch. He had at first accused his mistress, but was afterwards prevailed with to deny his accusation, upon which he was put to torture, by having lighted matches held between his fingers. This made him return to what he had formerly said, so as to be a strong evidence against his mistress. His hands were so miserably scorched that he was a piteous object. I asked him why he had committed such a crime; he said 'Perche era senza spirito.' The lady seemed of a bold and resolute spirit. She spoke to me with great firmness, and denied her guilt, saying with a contemptuous smile, as she pointed to her servant, 'They can force that creature to say what they please.'" Boswell, not content with this charming interview, next visits the hangman, whom he calls a great curiosity. "Being held in the utmost detestation he must not live like another inhabitant of the island. He was obliged to take refuge in the Castle, and there he was kept in a little corner turret, where he had just room for a miserable bed, and a little bit of fire to dress such victuals for himself as were sufficient to keep him alive, for nobody would have any intercourse with him, but all turned their backs upon him. I went up and looked at him, and a more dirty, rueful, spectacle I never beheld. He seemed

sensible of his situation, and held down his head like an abhorred outcast." This unhappy wretch was a Sicilian, of such a villainous cast of countenance, that on his coming to Paoli with a message, the general at once exclaimed, "*Ecco il boia !* behold our hangman !" an instance, thinks Boswell, of his wonderful talent for physiognomy. No Corsican had hitherto been persuaded, even by the hope of escaping the gallows, to undertake the office. Before leaving the island, however, Boswell hears that his friend of the scorched fingers had volunteered for the post and had been appointed ; and he reports a discussion between himself and Paoli as to whether it was to the honor of Corsica or no that the hangman should be a native.

After these cheerful sights our traveller leaves Corte and proceeds to visit Paoli. He plumes himself on being among men of Spartan simplicity, and on adapting himself to their life. The great chancellor sends his little boy to his wife to fetch the great seal to sign his passport, and Boswell "thinks himself in the house of Cincinnatus." On his journey he stops by a stream to dine on chestnuts and the water of the brook, and at once compares himself to the *prisca gens mortalium*. So virtuous is he, so overflowing with Spartan simplicity, that he harangues the people of Bastelica, who complained of miserable want, on the happiness of their primitive state of poverty, and warned them against "a state of refinement and vice ; and that they should beware of luxury." He quite forgets his peccadilloes in "sweet Siena" and all the "delights of Tuscany," and fancies he is longing for primitive simplicity and a diet of chestnuts and clear water. He particularly prides himself on an answer to some native who asked why the English did not believe in the pope. "Because they are too far off," said Boswell. "Too far off !" was the reply. "Why, Sicily is as far off as England ; yet in Sicily they believe in the pope." "Oh !" said Boswell, "we are ten times farther off than Sicily." "Aha," said he, and seemed satisfied. "I

question much," adds Boswell, with delightful satisfaction, "whether any of the learned reasonings of our Protestant divines would have had so good an effect."

The first meeting with Paoli is described with the same parade of minuteness as that with Johnson. He makes much of his fright and awe, of his deep feeling that he is standing in the presence of a really great man. He has, however, enough presence of mind to notice his complexion, clothes, and carriage. The general had assumed a dress of green and gold in place of the ordinary Corsican habit, because he thought a little elegance necessary in the company of the French. To his presence Boswell is at length ushered overwhelmed with the "workings of sensibility" in his mind. "He asked me what were my commands for him. I presented him a letter from Count Rivarola, and when he had read it, I showed him my letter of Rousseau. He was polite but very reserved. I had stood in the presence of many a prince, but I never had such a trial as in the presence of Paoli. He was a great physiognomist. In consequence of his being in continual danger from treachery and assassination, he has formed a habit of studiously examining every new face. For ten minutes we walked backwards and forwards through the room, hardly saying a word, while he looked at me, with a steadfast and penetrating eye, as if he searched my very soul." Boswell was not, however, easily discouraged in his favorite pursuit of lion-hunting. The reserve wore off after a while, and Boswell presently ventured on a compliment : "Sir, I am on my travels and have lately visited Rome. I am come from seeing the ruins of one brave and free people ; I now see the rise of another." The little speech had no doubt been carefully prepared, and one can imagine its half-timid, half-pompous delivery. Paoli in reply pointed out that the Corsicans had no thought of anything but a modest independence, and had no idea of rivaling great States. Yet a compliment is a good beginning for a conversa-

tion, and they seem to have got on more easily after this, until summoned to the chamber where Paoli with some dozen of his immediate followers dined. Boswell felt himself under "some restraint in such a circle of heroes," but he nevertheless proceeded to question the general on a variety of subjects, politics, history, and literature. "My humility wore off. I no longer anxiously thought of myself; my whole attention was employed in listening to the illustrious commander of a nation." He might have added, as we know, that he was also engaged in taking notes, however incredible in the circumstances.

The longer he stayed the more intimate did he become with Paoli, and the more delighted with his adventure. To his intense gratification he was attended by guards when he rode out, was mounted on Paoli's horse with "rich furniture of crimson velvet and broad gold lace," and could indulge in a feeling of "state and distinction," with which, he adds gravely, "mankind are so strangely intoxicated." He listened to Paoli's conversation, which seems to have been that of a high-minded and cultivated man, with a kind of feeling that the noble sentiments expressed were his own. "I enjoyed a sort of luxury of noble sentiment. To hear these arguments [for the being and attributes of God] repeated with graceful energy by the illustrious Paoli, in the midst of his heroic nobles, was admirable. I never felt my mind more elevated." In spite, however, of these elevated feelings he did not refrain from taking the general into his confidence on the old subject of personal licentiousness. This is evident from the repeated lectures which he listens to from him on the subject and the good advice as to marriage which he receives. On another occasion he tried to draw Paoli into censuring the infidelity of Frederick the Great. But the soldier felt too keen a sympathy with the consummate general, and could only be got to say, "*C'est une belle consolation pour un vieux Général mourant. En peu de temps vous ne serez plus!*"

Boswell in his turn urged him to marry and have a son to succeed him. "Sir," he replied, "what security can I have that my son will think and act as I do? What sort of a son had Cicero, and what Marcus Aurelius?" One secret of Paoli's popularity is indicated by Boswell, namely, that he had himself a genuine belief in the fine qualities of his people. "Go among them," he said; "the more you talk with them you will do me the greater pleasure. Forget the meanness of their apparel. Hear their sentiments; you will find honor and sense and abilities among these poor men." In return for this their belief in him was enthusiastic. "This great man whom God has sent to deliver us," they called him; and the Abbé Rostini aptly described the general feeling by saying, "We are not afraid that our general will deceive us, nor that he will let himself be deceived."

Boswell's confidences on the subject of his free living were not the only ones he bestowed on Paoli. He tried him, as he afterwards did Johnson, with his own half affected doubts and religious scruples; and he received much the same reproof, though in gentler terms, as he got from Johnson. "All this," said Paoli, "is melancholy. I have also studied metaphysics. I know the arguments for fate and free will, for the materiality or immateriality of the soul, and even the subtle arguments for and against the existence of matter. But let us leave these disputes to the idle. I hold always one great object. I never feel a moment of despondency." Paoli however had his weakness too. This was a half superstitious belief in dreams which he declared to have often been practically confirmed. "I can give you no explanation," he said; "I only tell you facts. Sometimes I have been mistaken, but in general these visions have proved true." And whether he did really believe in a spiritual origin of these dreams or not, he evidently found it useful that the belief should prevail among his simple people.

Such was the man whom Boswell, true worshipper of excellence as he un-

derstood it, delighted to honor both in his time of power in Corsica and afterwards when in exile in London. The book, with its elaborate historical introduction (a really careful piece of work considering all things, but remorselessly cut away by its latest editor), does not contain a full-length portrait as does the "Life of Dr. Johnson;" but it gives us a sketch in a style both amusing and interesting, with many of the characteristics of the greater work. The simplicity with which he displays himself in a ridiculous position may be illustrated by a parting extract, the story of his behavior to a fierce-looking guide, after bidding farewell to Paoli. "One of the guides called Ambrosio was a strange, iron-colored, fearless creature. He had been much in war; careless of wounds, he was coolly intent on destroying the enemy. He told me, as a good anecdote, that having been so lucky as to get a view of two Genoese exactly in a line, he took his aim and shot them both through the head at once. He talked of this as one would talk of shooting a couple of crows. I was sure I need be under no apprehension; but I don't know how, I desired Ambrosio to march before me that I might see him. I was on my guard how I treated him. But as sickness frets one's temper, I sometimes forgot myself and called him *bestia* (blockhead); and once when he was at a loss which way to go, I fell into a passion and called to him, 'Mi meraviglio che un uomo si bravo può esser si stupido.' (I am amazed that so brave a man can be so stupid.) However, by afterwards calling him friend, and speaking softly to him, I soon made him forget my ill humor, and we proceeded as before."

So our poor hero-worshipping Bozzy got home safely with his Corsican dogs and his Corsican dress, in which latter he paraded to the infinite laughter of his friends at the Shakespeare Jubilee. The subsequent career of his hero is matter of history and may be briefly recapitulated. Two months before the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte, in June, 1769, the French formally annexed Corsica. Paoli left the island after a

gallant struggle and came to England, where Horace Walpole (not impressed as was Johnson by "the loftiness of his port") saw him at court, "Dressed in scarlet and gold, though the simplicity of his appearance had not given me the slightest suspicion of anything remarkable in him. The king and queen both took great notice of him. He has just made a tour to Bath, Oxford, etc., and was received with much distinction" (Letter to Sir Horace Mann, November 6th, 1769). His English residence or exile lasted over twenty years. In 1789, on the motion of Mirabeau, he was recalled and appointed chief governor of the island under the king of France. He remained faithful to the French government until the execution of Louis XVI. in 1793. After that event he induced all the island, except the towns of Bastia, San Fiorenzo, and Calvi, in which there were French garrisons, to refuse allegiance to the Convention. The *consulta-générale* named Paoli *generalissimo*, and with the aid of the English fleet he drove the French out of the island. It was in these operations, in the summer of 1794, that Nelson first rose to distinction, and it was during the bombardment of Calvi that he lost his eye. In June of this year the assembly at Corte voted that the island should be annexed to Great Britain. A deputation was sent to London to make the offer, which was accepted. It was supposed that Paoli would have been named governor, but in fact Sir Gilbert Eliot was appointed. It was clearly impossible that Paoli could stay in Corsica except as the first man in the country; he therefore returned to England, accepted a pension, and lived in retirement near London until his death in 1807. Corsica reverted to France in 1797. Bonaparte had excited a rebellion against the English on the pretext of nationality, and the British fleet was ordered to carry off the English troops from Corsica, Elba, and Capraera. Paoli therefore lived to see the cause of Corsican independence, to which so much of his life had been given, finally defeated. Corsica shared the fate of other small nationalities in



the midst of great and jealous neighbors. But he may have been consoled by reflecting that his exertions in the direction of civilizing and educating his people had not been equally abortive. His name is still beloved in the island; and we should be grateful to Boswell for having preserved for us a picture of the man in the time of his greatest power and success.

E. S. SHUCKBURGH.

From Temple Bar.

PARIS: PRINTEMPS.

April 14th. *Rue de Corneille*. — As we rattled nearer Paris, the country looked light green and white, under a blazing dome of blue and gold. The evening was all enamelled like some old missal, still fresh and pure. The orchards hung out their bridal blossoms, little bouquets for the marriage of earth and sky; and there, high through the spring twilight, rode the Eiffel Tower, monstrous Babylonish toy; a crow's nest for the *diable boiteux*; and a lift for the poor fellow, seeing that he is lame.

"Quatrième à gauche," says the concierge; up the slippery, circular staircase, smelling of beeswax and cooking; and here I am *chez moi*; and here is the smiling Celestine, to clean my boots and bring the morning coffee. So I stroll out to dine, down the darkening *Rue Pigalle*, where a white *plaque* glimmers on the garden wall of the hotel where Scribe died in '65; round the gigantic Opera, on to the many-twinkling boulevard. Facing the Opera, a dragoon keeps watch and ward, couched on his horse like a long-haired Gaul. When I return, there, at the end of the *Rue Fontaine*, I see the glaring *Moulin Rouge*, the red sails turning slowly, studded with yellow lights. Truly, the mills of the gods grind with deliberation, but they grind fine. And down in our courtyard, a vagrant troubadour thrums a night guitar and bleats a throated ballad.

*The Fortune-teller. Saturday*. — *Rue du Vieil Temple*; a busy, clanging

street, in the elder Paris, where you mostly walk in the roadway, till the pistol-shot of the coachman's whip in your ear sends you skurrying on to the pavement. It runs up out of the *Place de la République* towards *Belleville*; and at number twenty-nine we turn into a courtyard, past a red butcher's shop. At the back of the shop there are men at work, apparently making frames for chair-seats; they stop to look at us, picking our way over the cobbles; they know quite well we have come to have our fortunes told, *chez Madame Baillet*. At the foot of the stairs, at the back of the courtyard, stands a bicycle with pneumatic tyre. "Gil Blas" says our ambassador is passionately fond of the bicycle, and rides in the Bois every morning, followed by his secretaries; in fact, won't have an *attaché* unless he's a good rider. Can he be here? The stairs are old and solid, of the kind one sees in the most ancient parts of the Temple at home; they turn and lead us up, up, past bright oval brass plates on the various doors, that tell of piano lessons and dressmakers and *bureaux de placement*, up, till we reach the fourth floor, where quite a nice-looking girl admits us into a little passage of cupboards on the left, and a window looking into the court on the right, and then into a tidy sitting-room, that recalls the lodgings at the verger's in a cathedral town. It is hung with photographs in gilt frames; views apparently of the English lakes; and an enlarged, pallid representation of that type of old woman of which Madame Blavatsky was the highest example; fortune-teller, clairvoyante, medical rubber, *que sais-je*? There are bunches of lilac on the table, and crumpled copies of *Le Petit Parisien*. Two ladies are sitting waiting their turn, and from an inner chamber one hears a lively discussion between the fortune-teller and her victim for the time. Presently a door is unlocked, and out the victim comes, embraces the magician behind the door (a loud, clucking kiss), and passes through, putting down her veil. She looks to me a good *bourgeoise* who comes either to ask news of her son, or

to learn that if this is a propitious moment to invest her savings in *actions du Nord*. As we have made an appointment by letter, we pass in one by one, watched furiously by a savage woman with light yellow hair, brought here, I should guess, by jealousy.

*A mon tour !* and I trot into the little room at the back, as though I were going to the dentist. Madame is tall, dressed in mortuary black, with a round, glitter-beaded cap that almost approaches the solemnity of a turban. She has a yellow countenance, nigh to orange. At least once she has had a slight attack of small-pox, and her small and deep-set eyes, not being set quite straight, give her the prime advantage of regarding your countenance with one optic and the coffee-grounds with the other. I instruct her to speak slowly, that I may lose none of her precious utterances; to which she replies by taking a clean plate and pouring cold coffee on it with severity and deliberation.

"Blow on it three times," she mutters, "and think of your desire." I do both, and she slops away the coffee and fixedly regards the grounds left, in a sort of seaweed pattern on the white plate. Then she takes a lead pencil, and in austere and muffled tones points me my fortunes. My fortunes, it appears, are going to grow and multiply (was there ever a fortune-teller who did not say, "Brighter days are in store for you"?) — that is the exact significance of the muddled, branching, seaweed shape assumed on one side of the plate by the coffee-grounds. It is a tree, a bay-tree, and it is going to flourish. She can even tell me the exact sum of the increase, being skilful in reading the black dots and dashes in the grounds. It is thirty-five thousand francs. That will balance and leave something over from the twenty thousand francs which she tells me I lost last year — me, who never had so much money in all my life! In return for the thirty-five thousand francs, I feel bound to say something, so I sigh and remark, "*C'est bien ça !*" on which she makes up her mind I am a *milord* and

*viveur*, and gets three francs out of me when I leave, instead of two, her usual charge. Encouraged by this first success, next she finds a dog, and points it out to me. If she had said it was a whale, I should have said "Very like." The dog is good; he means success, fortune, fidelity (hers, not necessarily mine), all sorts of brave things. He is even extra fine, for close by him the slop turns like the bend of an infantine river into an S. If I am not convinced by the dog, I feel bound to be by the S, for in both languages it stands for success. It puts me quite into good spirits, and I cease looking out of the window across the sunny canal to a white house opposite, where a woman leans over a high balcony of creepers and bird-cages. I even exercise sufficient self-control not to ask her what on earth that loud tooting, ominous horn-blowing, that rush of horses and feet outside may mean; a fire-engine going past, as I afterwards learn.

And now, which is not quite so interesting, she tells me all about my relatives. It is hard to have to pay three francs for learning that my father is about seventy (he is really seventy-three), and that he is troubled in his breathing. My mother she cannot find; she is dead; she died young, about thirty-nine; no, fifty-three or four. It was really fifty-seven. There are many of us in the family; she finds six or seven black dots to represent my brothers and sisters — there may be even more. Which is one to the magician, for there are nine. One of the dots is ill; has been for some time; an invalid, in fact; a sister-in-law; no, a sister. Astonishing woman! again she is right. She even indicates the seat of the malady by laying the lead pencil on the pit of the stomach. And so she goes on, I helping her, as one naturally does, by gesture and little asides. In fact, between ourselves, I come to the conclusion it is I who am doing the fortune-telling, and not she at all; for when she is wrong, I delicately correct and she acknowledges the correction by pointing out it is really all in the grounds, on looking a little closer. It

is all my unfortunate tongue, and keen love of truth. Consider, though, whether one can sit silent and hear one's family wrongly described, when a word will put it all right? She even asks me what it was I desired when first I blew upon the slop; and when I tell her, sure enough she finds its fulfilment in the grounds. She even discovers America for me as the land of my future triumphs — a hope, since the Copyright Act, much to be desired; and she adds gratuitously the number of years since I first began to write. I dare say I told her that, but I can't exactly remember. She finishes the *séance* by regarding fixedly the back of the plate, on to which some of the coffee-slop has run. That means I am going from here to Germany, when I leave Paris. Certainly it is not unlikely, for my sister at this moment is staying at Wiesbaden. Indeed, I think I ought to go, if only to prove to sceptics what a wonderful old woman this is. It would be an advertisement for her, and the poor must live. I give her her three francs, feeling we have both earned them. I wonder if she will give them me back if I don't get the thirty-five thousand?

As we descend the stairs, my fair companions decide (with the harsh and hasty judgment of the young) that madame is an imbecile. The fact is, they gave her no material to work on, for prophecy. For example, I asked her if I hadn't written an opera, and she found an O for me at once. "Well, and what do you call my little piece at the German Reeds'?" I think it's wonderful.

*Veal's Tea-room, Rue Tronchon.* — What you may call a thoroughly English silence, in this *entresol* tea-room. Outside, cabs roll along the Rue de Rivoli, and through the demi-lune windows you see the green of the Tuileries Gardens. The walls are hung with colored pictures out of old *Graphics*, and notices of service in the English Church. The shop below is exactly of the sort one knows in the more deadly kind of cathedral town, full of photographs of the local clergy and gift-books for girls; you wouldn't know it was in Paris, but

for the Tauchnitz, and having to pay twenty-five centimes for the *Telegraph*. Hither flock English of all sorts: tired governesses, half way from rushing through their *cours*; most pathetic figures to me, in this city where most of us are come for pleasure. You see them hurrying, fagged, across the streets, carrying an old number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

What thoughts, desires, must eddy through their valiant and yet often dispirited souls at the sight and sound of all the gaiety, luxury, insolence of Paris! Brave women, they buffet their way through life, true soldiers of the Cross, teaching music, painting, English; and they come in here for a cup of tea and a little rest, and a glance at the English papers. There are young girls poring over *Truth* and the *Lady's Pictorial*; young gentlemen, now glancing at them, and now at the *St. James's*; old gentlemen grunting over the *Pall Mall*, and old ladies looking blankly round and reading nothing, wondering why the girl doesn't bring the tea they ordered in such excellent Manchester French. I heard one Scotchwoman modestly complaining to another that she found some difficulty in acquiring the true Parisian accent; whereupon the other glared through her glasses and replied, from Glasgow, "Moâ, je nay jamais trouvay ler moindrer difficultay, jammais! Onton-day vous?" "Wee!"

Close to me there are three typical English, almost of the Palais Royal farce description: the little woman, grey, determined, slightly deaf; the man, of the vestryman order, with a goat-beard; the younger woman who calls the older a sycophantish *dear*, and has been sent to the hotel for the vestryman's glasses. Of course she brings pince-nez. "I said *spectacles*," says the old woman, with a severity that tells me the younger is not altogether paying for herself. "Oh dear! I thought you said glasses," the other replies, with a gasping hopelessness. The vestryman says nothing, but looks out of the window, chewing the cud of the rates at home, caressing his goat-

beard. An odd little resting-place, but any port after—the *morgue*; with its horrible cloudy glass, and behind it the huge thermometer hanging; and, then, the movable lead slabs and the tattered sodden clothes; and the poor, bent, huddled, drowned old man, crouching and waiting to be recognized. A boy comes in blithely—perhaps on his way to school—and has a peep, and then a hurried woman. The *gardienn* smokes and reads the paper. The whole place has the air of some unsuccessful aquarium at the seaside; and the photographs of the unclaimed dead in their battered horror almost resemble some new monstrous anemones.

I think I have had enough of this tea-room. If only some one would even drop something. From the other end of passage, one hears the laughter and chatter of the French.

April 21st. — *Le Moulin Rouge. Paris qui danse*: Paris which asks you, wheedling and pointblank, for a cigarette, for *bière Anglaise*; which taps you on the cheek and declares you *méchant* because with insular calm you resist such blandishments; in a word, *Paris au joyeux Moulin Rouge*.

And yet, as it seems to me, not so very joyous either. See for yourselves. The *Moulin Rouge* (red mill, where the red mice frisk among the tares and wild oats) glistens with pitch-pine and trophies of school-feast flags, and blares with a hideous band round a little stage on which a scarlet troupe go through some very indifferent bounding. Immense enthusiasm, as always with the French, over the most ordinary feats. (By much the same sort of reasoning, any one who does any work here at all is called a *struggleforlifeur*!) And in front of the little stage and all round the woodwork that partitions it off from the vast dancing hall, groups of middle-class *viveurs*; a few officers trailing long swords, a good many youths one hears called Maurice, Ernest, Paul, and who resemble our own medical students; and the usual melancholy old men, always to be seen at such places of amusement, dragging the ever-lengthening chain of their loneliness and weariness.

*Lassati, nondum satiati*. The ladies shriek and give odd little whistles, and when they remark one of our esteemed compatriots give vent under their austere noses to "Oh, ye-ess! Alrai-te! Angleesh!" *C'est très amusant*. But this is nothing, I say to myself, the real fun will begin when they dance. As for the spectacle on the little stage, it's about as good as the performance at a soldier's music hall at Woolwich.

But when they ring a bell and the placard over the orchestra in the ball-room announces a polka, then all rush as at a fire-work bell to the great hall, and the arms of the *Moulin Rouge* (and for the matter of that, the legs) set to work with extraordinary vivacity. The gentry clutch each other and turn and whirl as at Greenwich Fair; ladies, for want of better partners, dance light-heartedly together; while one whose slight and boneless build betrays the professional saltimbanque performs an animated *pas seul*. She skims and whirls and slides, in and out like a cracker, and at last I feel I am really seeing life, in high altitudes, upon the Brocken. But oh, the quadrille, when two witches face each other with two decent young men in slim black ties and embroidered shirt-fronts for partners, and we form an admiring circle round them, two or three deep. They are paid witches, I take it, paid to keep the Brocken lively, and my esteemed compatriots enjoy it hugely till one of them gets his hat kicked off, right off his Bayswater head, by the liveliest and yet stateliest witch. A splendid spectacle: a young woman with a blunt, upturned nose and a bold jaw (by nickname *La Goulue*, "the insatiable") with a broad leghorn hat triumphant with yellow plumes, glistening with no inconsiderable amount of jewellery, hair with a touch of red in it as a witch's should, and a white dress brocaded with flowers; observe her dance with clumsy gaiety, with vulgar good humor and content in the sensation she is causing; paying no heed to her partner, who, *cavalier seul*, waggles his legs in his loose trousers and wriggles like

a nautch-boy. The crowning feat of the evening is reached when the two ladies — But there, let me say, they realize to the full (*La Goulue* and *Grille d'égout* — “Sewer-grating”) the highly colored picture to be seen on the boulevards and flaring under the gas outside.

Some people are never satisfied. “I can’t see anything in it,” says a dreary voice at my elbow. It’s a small Englishman; manager of a brewery at home, I should think; clutched by a frightened little woman in black. “Come along back ’ome,” she begs; while a younger man, similarly guarded, in a soft Bible-reader hat, laughs wildly at the sight of such truly Gaulish gaiety.

I remember an old friend of mine telling me he met Thackeray at Vauxhall, somewhere about ’59, I fancy; the last night the gardens were opened. He was standing, a dismal, gaunt figure, his hands behind him, glaring blankly on the lights of his youth being extinguished, as it were, amid much fume and stench of dying oil. “This is a brilliant sight,” grimly remarked the creator of Costigan. I felt like that, in a small way, as I went home depressed, down the dark Rue Fontaine, past the shy Café des Décadents and the blazing Brasserie. I suppose it’s the old refrain, “Avril passé, bon jour violettes.”

*Marie Bashkirtseff’s Studio. Thursday.* — The hotel in the Rue de Prony is cold and dark; it strikes one as a sarcophagus coming out of the sun and the east wind. The concierge ran across from gossiping opposite to ask whom or what I demanded. “L’atelier Bashkirtseff.” She would open it for me; entered a side door, disappeared, clanked a chain, and admitted me. All dark and repellent, all the light gone out of the house, none in the passage, nor up the soft, noiseless stairs, and the studio itself dim and grey, like a bankrupt photographer’s; till she twirls a handle and something slides off the roof and the sun streams in and falls on the dead girl’s portrait; palette on thumb and alert Parisian face, inquisitive, determined, a little high-bred disdainful.

All round the large room are studies, piled to the roof, and hanging low some few finished pictures; one by Bastien-Lepage, for sale, “The Angel appearing to the Shepherds,” which I remember seeing in the Grosvenor when I met the young artist there; and most pathetic of all, the large canvas on which Marie Bashkirtseff was at work when death drew his grey mantle over her vivid palette. It’s a scene on the boulevards, men and women sitting on a seat, one or two of the heads and figures almost finished. It’s the work that killed her, I believe, for she caught cold from sketching too much in the open air. There’s a large picture of girls drawing from a model in the Académie Julian, Passage des Panoramas, where she used to study; there’s a portrait of her brother, and a really brilliant pastel of her cousin, a face purely Russian; an unfinished Mlle. Canrobert, as English-looking as you would expect the daughter of an English mother to be; a couple of street children of the types of *un meeting* in the Luxembourg; and many, many drawings and studies in charcoal and oil, made at Julian’s when the praises of Robert Fleury and her own high-strung and ambitious little soul were prompting her to throw her brush high and leave some paint-mark upon the lofty Matterhorn of Art. There’s very little (how could one expect much after eight years?) to suggest the dead girl’s actual presence, beyond her work. A couple of guitars with flaccid strings; a square, turnable bookcase, with just one book of poetry, and on the top some dry or even artificial creeper; the *causeuse* on which, perhaps, Bastien-Lepage lay when he paid his dying visit; a chiffonier with glass front, piled behind the glass with her shoes and slippers; of all sorts, smart and dowdy, down even to the sporting boots she wore shooting in Russia, worked on the front with her initials. The little gallery that runs half-way round is full of studies, and there’s the sombre hanging curtain that masks the door leading to her bedroom. How often must she not have come down those stairs, with the fresh morn-



ing feeling of the artist which the day somehow never realizes. "To-day I will do better than I have ever done ; to-day I will make the highest mark, one never reached before." That is at once the despair and the joy of the artist ; always to be climbing, never to reach the summit ? Is there a summit ?

On the table lies a book for visitors' names. Mostly women, mostly American ; from New York, from Denver City, from Chicago, Buffalo, Philadelphia. I think hers was an existence that especially appeals to the American sense ; the mixture of the artist and the aristocrat, to a country eminently deficient in both ; the brilliant girl (as assuredly she was) who paints all day in a smeared blouse, and in the evening goes into the world and receives the attention due to personal attraction, position, and wealth.

What would have become of this poor girl, as artist, if she had lived ; if, instead of these eight years' rest in the churchyard at Passy, she had spent them wearing her fiery little heart into strings for criticism to harp on ? Something clever ? Certainly, always that. Something great and permanent ? I doubt it. It seems to me as though death, ever kindly, ever a relief from sorrows past or to come, has stepped in and said, "Enough, my daughter ! Thou hast shown what is in thee. Believe me, the rest will be nothing for thee but torture and disappointment ! Come, leave me thy palette !" and behold, death has painted her something more glowing as a halo than any she could have ever painted for herself ; a halo fused with the hues of her youth, her birth, her cleverness, her looks, her honesty, her constant striving and persistent hard work. "Believe me, Marie, thou art better off as thou art ; living, thou didst pursue a phantom ; dead, the phantom becomes real, blows its trumpet from the elevation of thy tomb."

The Rue de Prony is very bright and very cold ; it ends at the gold-tipped gates of the Parc Monceau, vivid with green and delicate with lilac and the girandoles of the horse-chestnut. Where now the children play, the nurses gossip

in their white caps and gaudy ribbons, Philip Egalité and his dicing crew strolled to cool their brows and steady their hands. A tragedy, no doubt, must sometimes stalk where all is too conspicuously devoted to comedy. There's a moss-grown pyramid, half hidden by fresh spring verdure, where now the gardener seems to keep his tools, that commemorates (if any know it) the miserable end of one of that Comus rabble. He was a young German, and he thought they were cheating him and said so. They quieted him, he played again, lost absolutely all, and with furious cursing shrieked the charge again. Then, for fear of scandal to the royal house ; perhaps, the royal master ; they fell upon him, battered, crushed, trampled him to death. No swords, it seems ; simply ordinary brutal fists and feet. They buried him in the grounds, under the stone pyramid, a warning of the dangers of playing cards in princely company. Most people think the spike is one of the ornaments merely of the park ; rather odd and sombre compared with the rest, but still an ornament. But, my faith, gentlemen, it is a poor, murdered gambler's grave.

To end my day, I sit from eight till nearly twelve at the Comédie Française and gloat over that magnificent theatrical composition, Ruy Blas. There's an old Englishman next me with his boy ; he is under the impression he is pleasantly educating the youth, who yawns and groans pitifully all through the tirades. "I'll give you *sankhant* *sontems* for opera glasses, Robert," the old gentleman says indulgently, "and a book of the words, if it's not more than sixpence." But the book is *unn frong*, which he flatly refuses to expend ; so all the poor boy understands is Ruy Blas drinking poison, which, as it is clearly the end, affords him his one moment of joy. And I pass to supper at the Café de la Paix. Over the deep, soft carpet moves a little creature in a fez, smoking cigarettes, with a weak, good-humored face. He carries a conjurer's black bâton, tipped with ivory, and in his tie is an electric light, which he occasionally

flashes, anxiously watching the effect in one of the huge glasses that line the room. To me he lifts his fez and gives a deprecatory smile. Supple *garçon*, with that india-rubber, low-comedian face they all have, tells me he is *physicien*; *c'est à dire prestidigitateur*. I dare say he's both, but what on earth is he doing anxiously smoking in the Café de la Paix at half past twelve at night? Perhaps he has a few rusty tricks and stories with which he amuses *la clientèle*. One or two nod to him, and he is evidently on good and friendly terms with the waiters. I detect one of them slipping into his hand a hard round roll, which he pockets with sly thankfulness.

"Take it home, my poor conjurer, and exercise thy magic on it, to thine own profit; tap and transform it into a fine and choice supper, with a good bottle of wine. Never will I believe in a magician who cannot of his harmless black art create for himself good cheer and some other asylum than this for the time only permitted, shadowless, midnight, unwinking Café de la Paix!" See, it is past one o'clock, yet nobody yawns; the waiters are fresher than I at breakfast; and outside, lines of cabs and the ever-twinkling boulevards, and down the darker streets as I climb Montmartrewards, there are roysterers who sing.

April 25th, Tuesday. — To-day I made a pilgrimage, Rue Montmartre: *pater Aeneas* took his staff, to try and find the Hôtel de France et de Champagne. As I went gaping along the street, there I came on it, plump; the name in blunt, dead-gold letters, the entrance under the arch, the decent white courtyard. My father Anchises stayed here six weeks, in August, 1840, with his younger brother; the one an art-student, copying in the Louvre, the other just beginning to read for the bar. I inherited his wig when I was called; I believe it got me a brief, it looked so grey and wizened and learned. The trial of the day, then, was the Prince Louis Napoleon's for his absurd descent on Boulogne. Fifty-two years ago. The art-student is Royal Academician; the lawyer might have been lord chan-

cellor, had he not died so young. They came by diligence from Havre, and the young fellow set to work at once to paint a head from a French model who came to the hotel, while the lawyer toiled at leading cases. It was only the model's head was wanted, but he insisted on stripping to show the fine figure which had been painted by all the great French artists. Who on earth were they in 1840? Also, he thought well of his dancing, and, in proof of his excellence in that department, waltzed round the room, holding a box for a partner. In the face of such *écrasante supériorité*, what could the young Englishman do but promptly throw Waterloo? But Waterloo, somehow, never seems to offend a Frenchman half as much as you expect. Rossignol, the model, in fact, said it was nothing for the English to be proud of; for if it hadn't been for the *quatre puissances*, Buonaparte would have eaten us up.

I stood in the decent white courtyard, looking up at the clean windows; that was theirs, the one at the end, at the top. Charles, the lawyer, was very ill there, and William, the art student, had to call in the doctor, a Scotchman. He looked at the painting things with a queer expression when asked what there was to pay for the cure. "You're an artist, ain't you? Well, we musn't skin a flint." Artists were accounted rather poor devils fifty-two years ago. How often the two young fellows came through here, on their way to the two-franc restaurant in the Palais Royal. Choice of three dishes, and a dessert. The dessert was always a meringue; everybody had a meringue for dessert. "Une meringue pour dessert, madame," the melancholy waiter used to chant to Madame Ricard, behind the *comptoir*. The restaurant in the Palais Royal is still Ricard's, but no one dines there now; it has quite gone out of even English fashion.

I stood so long in the courtyard that I began to awaken anarchist suspicions in the breast of the woman sweeping, of the ladies in the glass bureau. There were ladies in that bureau in 1840;

they used to call the English brothers the *mutes*, because they were too shy ever to speak to them. One of their descendants came to the door to ask what monsieur might be good enough to want; so, *pious Æneas*, feeling bound to give some excuse for his intrusion, asked if by chance *pater Anchises* were staying there, had yet arrived from England? The lady ran a dumpy, ringed finger over the short column of oddly written visitors' names, but couldn't find him. Body o' me, how should she? He left the hotel in September, 1840.

*Friday. The guide; the Louvre.* — "My dear sir," says the guide, "three francs an hower; show you tings never see at all widout guide." He stands with his hat off, grasping a blackthorn stick, his Eastern countenance wrinkling into innumerable smiles. I look first at him and then at a little man with his hands deep in a bulgy convert-coat. Which shall it be? "My dear sir," says the guide, "'e doss not spik English, 'e is Cherman. I am English guide." There is something so simple and good-humored about him that, though I know the Louvre pretty well as it is, I fall an easy victim. So we pass into the Pavillon de l'Horloge. "I am English guide," says my friend, excitedly flourishing his blackthorn. He was born at Gibraltar, of Spanish parents, and his name is Bazouk; and directly we get among the ancient sculpture he leads me to a large marble bason, directs me to hang my head down over it and listen. Then he goes to the end of the gallery to a corresponding bason, and whispers. It is alone worth the three francs to hear Bazouk's voice so mysteriously come to me, up quietly out of my own bason. Wondrous echo! "My dear sir," says Bazouk, "you come here tousand years widout guide, you never find that out." And he laughs triumphantly, as though the echo were his own particular friend and would work for no one else. "All dese, very old, very ancient, very 'teresting, come from Greece," waving his blackthorn at the other figures, "but no time for everyting. Pleasskomere! My dear sir, Venus der Milo." Pause

to allow me time to admire. Then "so noble, so majesty, so splendick beautiful." Very slowly and impressively, beating his hand with the knob of the blackthorn. "Remember three tings. *Feerst*, not made of good piece marble; *segond*, no one ever among best artists able ex-actly to copy expression of face; *theerd*, no one knowing what she do wid 'ands. All try, no one succeed. Remember three tings." And he gives them me again.

A crowd, a gang, of desolate, dreary English, wander round upon us from the Melpomene, under the direction of a stout man in light clothes. If you had met them on a country road, you would have declared them the more harmless lunatics out for a constitutional. Bazouk nudges me and whispers, "Cook's; joost like cattle." He salutes their keeper who nods in reply, and as the tail of the melancholy comet passes us, repeats "Cook's." "Ya-as," says a young man, drawling behind, "Cook's come to see Parees; any objections?" To whom the ever polite Bazouk raises his hat and replies, "Enjoy yourselves, my dear sir."

Bazouk has not always been a guide to Paris and the Louvre; his main business is to be courier for the world. For instance, he goes to the East with English clergymen; the East, Palestine, which he knows so well as the inside of his pocket. He says to clergyman, "My dear reverend, take your Bible; pleasskomere!" and he stuffs the reverend full enough of information and illustration to last a hundred sermons, and plenty over for a couple of lectures with the oxy-hydrogen light in the parish schoolroom. But of all the happy times ever spent, give Bazouk the eighteen months he had at Fowey in Cornwall, teaching Arabic to a reverend who was qualifying for missionary. Bazouk was not married then, now he has a wife and three children. He tells me that all through those happy eighteen months he was the only unmarried man in Fowey, among twelve hundred young ladies; if he had said the only Englishman (for such he gravely declares he is) born at Gibraltar, of Spanish

parents, I could have understood him. But no, he was the only unmarried man, and every evening he was the centre of attraction to twelve or fourteen of the twelve hundred virgins; and that, notwithstanding the fact that good living and teaching Arabic three hours a day only, for £5 a month, and board and lodging, made him so fat that even with the aid of the blackthorn he finds it impossible to give me an idea of his circumference. He was so driven to it for exercise to reduce his bulk that he used to buy timber down in the harbor, carry it up on his back, chop and saw it up himself. And still he got so fat that he was frightened he should *be-erst*! Well, we have heard before now of a fat Adonis.

One evening when the twelve or fourteen young ladies of Fowey were laughing and making merry with him in the kitchen, the most sprightly declared, "Mr. Bazouk, we make you Freemason. Mr. Bazouk, blind yourself. Dese hand on dese arm; must not move, Mr. Bazouk," and when the bandage was removed, what does Bazouk see but a face painted on the back of his hand, and his wrist and elbow attired in long clothes. It was the most surprising, the most clever; it was joost like a ba-by, and from that time forth he was a Freemason. For myself, I don't believe that the real and sacred rites of initiation are one whit less infantile. But then I am not a Mason myself, not yet.

Bazouk's information about the Louvre is of that mixed description you might expect from his mixed birth. Nor is he ever at a loss. When I ask where is the Salle des Gardes where Molière's earlier performances were given (though I know very well it is on the ground floor in the Salle des Caryatides) he bumps the blackthorn in a gallery built by Napoleon III., and says triumphantly, "Dese spot! where you stand now, my dear sir!" When in front of David's unfinished picture (scarcely begun, indeed) of the "Oath in the Tennis-court at Versailles," I ask for information as to the game of tennis; he says it is the same as *cric-*

*kette*; and, grasping the blackthorn, begins to play hockey by way of illustration; while of Madame du Barry's death he has an account so remarkable, that while I listen I have the odd feeling of being in a dream. "She was frient of Louis Fifteen," he explains, "and she knew too much. So the kink say we make her tell. And she say she will not tell. So they bring water to make her drink, or tell. No, not poison; water, to make her tell, my dear sir. And she drink the water and the kink say, 'Now tell?' But she not tell and they make her drink again. And she drink again and still she not tell. And the kink say '*Enough or the woman die and not tell at all.*' But it was too late, my dear sir," solemnly tapping me with the knob of the blackthorn, "she die, and the secret die with her. And the kink was consolluble" — which I take to be Anglo-Spano-Turkish for inconsolable. That was the way Madame du Barry died; not on the scaffold, as hitherto has erroneously been reported.

When I part from Bazouk, which I do with much regret, miles away from where we began, he has no card to give me, in case I want him again, or to go to the East (I should much enjoy Bazouk, if that is not irreverent, in the Holy Land), but he produces instead a small tin match-box in which reposes a stamper with his name and address. I have the result still, on a letter, a purple smudge, and I shall be happy to communicate it to any one who wishes to see the Louvre and its treasures in a new and original light. "Any frient of yours, my dear sir," says Bazouk, waving the blackthorn, "I am English guide."

*Le Rat noir. Wednesday.* This is the home (or one of them) of the Failure, in art, in music, authorship, comicsingership; any shade or branch of the calling of the artist; the failure, the *raté*, of which Paris (seeing the average life the creatures live there) is naturally so full. All very simple to laugh at the *bourgeois*, but if I am to choose between him and the so-called artist, at any rate in Paris, give me the *bourgeois*.

*Le Rat noir* partly resembles a *cabaret* in the Middle Ages, and a good deal recalls to me, besides, the ancient Cock, as it used to look by Temple Bar. There's a quantity of heavy black oak; a high, what we should call Jacobean, fireplace; a massive, highly ornamented bar; long, low beams, and at the far end a sort of inner chamber, where the more intimate supporters of the establishment drink and dine. Thence comes laughter, loud voices and the notes of a piano which presently helps in the accompaniment to a fiddle and a 'cello played on the *estrade* half-way down the room. The other end opens on to the street, as the night is dry and warm. I sit and sip *un grog*, and watch the company assemble. They don't look to me like *habitues*, but more like strangers to the place, drawn hither, as I, by curiosity. I saw no English, probably because the English fancy an introduction from some artist is necessary. As a matter of fact all you do is to walk straight in, order something to drink and wait for half past nine when the theatre opens in the room above. Then lounge up to the bar, demand a ticket for five francs and follow the company up the narrow stairs. *Passant, sois moderne*, says the painted board half-way up. That's the key-note to the establishment.

I don't know that there's any particular harm in the entertainment upstairs, though I certainly don't advise any lady (in the English sense of the word) to go and witness it. There were a good many ladies present, but they were French, and that's their affair. The *ombres chinoises* are diversified by songs and recitations, the composition of the poets and singers who keep the place going, and share, I suppose, in the five francs. They are the ardent souls who are in revolt against the reputations of to-day, and for the most part they look like broken-down French masters in a fourth-rate English school. When there's an *ombre chinoise* performance the lights are lowered, and the proprietor marches up and down the middle, hoarsely and for the most part wittily commenting and explaining.

Then he says the good poet and comrade Paul Chose will recite one of his poems; don't laugh at his Languedoc accent, he cries, it is almost his only defect; and Paul Chose in a tight and seedy frock coat, stands by the piano, fixes the ceiling, and gabbles through a long poem about joy and life and seizing the flying hours, and the rest of it. Nothing very modern in all that, for in all ages there have been poets who have claimed the right of unlimited idleness and song. The fact is, these gentlemen are all *cigales*, without the tunelessness, and I fear they have their winters to come. The mischief of it is they are proud of their winters and their misery, because they fancy it all proves they are poets. Monstrous and absurd inversion!

*La Marche à l'étoile* is the most presentable of the *ombres chinoises*, of itself almost worth the five francs. It is the progress of the Star of Bethlehem, till it rests over the holy manger. When I pass *le Rat noir* in the morning on my way to the station, the sun is shining into the heavy dark room, upon the sweeping waiter. He might sweep out the poets and the rest of the *ombres chinoises*, but he might leave the progress of the star. I still seem to see the graceful *silhouettes*, hear the ringing tenor voice of the accompanying singer. It's very strange the mania for sacred subjects at present in France; the exhibition of the Champ de Mars is full of them. Even Mounet-Sully prides himself, I am told, on making up in *par le glaive* after a head of Christ by Rembrandt.

WALTER FRITH.

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#### DAY AND NIGHT IN THE GUIANA FOREST.

OUR camp fire has gone out, and we wake up chilled and cramped as the faint light of dawn begins to glow on the eastern horizon amidst banks of dark clouds. We are encamped on the edge of the forest, our hammocks slung between the trees, while below the dark waters of the river are flowing rapidly. Behind, and on either side, the foliage



is dripping with moisture, and the river is obscured by a dense mist. The dew has been falling heavily since midnight, sliding from the foliage above in great drops, which fall to the ground at regular intervals. It is over a hundred feet to the top of the giant Mora, and as each drop reaches the ground it splashes in every direction. Even under our blankets we feel the insidious creeping chill of excessive dampness, which our negro boatmen call cold. It is useless trying to sleep, so we turn out and stretch our cramped limbs. Round the now blazing fire we congregate, and discuss our morning coffee with a relish only known to those who have felt the depression of a morning in the forest. At such times the sun is welcomed as a friend; but later in the day, when his rays pour down on the open river, he will be carefully avoided.

Where the dense bank of foliage slopes out into the river the leaves of the giant arums are covered with films of water, ready to drench the boatman who goes to bale out our canoe. The seats are all thoroughly wetted, and look very uncomfortable. Even our clothes feel damp, while ordinary boots get soaked in such a manner that they can hardly ever be dried.

Darkness still reigns in the forest; but the birds know that morning is near, and even before the faintest indications of dawn are visible begin calling to each other as if congratulating themselves that the sun is rising. At last the stars, which have shone so brilliantly through the night, begin to pale and fade, and presently objects become more and more distinct. The veil of darkness imperceptibly unrolls itself, and here and there a cloud is illuminated with a flood of gold. Over the river the misty veil still hangs, but through it may be dimly seen the outline of a canoe, standing upright in which is a naked Indian. Balancing himself in his frail craft in a way which only the denizen of the forest can acquire, with his bow drawn, he appears like a bronze statue floating down the stream. Suddenly the back of a large fish is visible to his trained eye, the

arrow flies, and the statue becomes at once an eager fisherman pursuing his floating shaft, which is drawn swiftly here and there as the fish vainly struggles against its enemy.

The bats are settling themselves in the hollow trees or under dense masses of creepers, making mouse-like chirpings as they hang themselves up in their places. Here and there a lumbering moth, looking out for a safe retreat until evening, is fluttering lazily along before retiring to rest. The owl and goat-sucker shrink before the light, and also hurry off to their hiding-places, making room for the brilliant families of day birds which are calling and chirping from the tree-tops. The weird voice of the howling monkey now horrifies the stranger, filling him with wonder and recalling stories of banshees and ghosts retiring at cock-crow. Then a flock of parrots or macaws is heard screaming far overhead, their glorious plumage flashing in the morning rays in metallic tints of golden yellow, green, and crimson. The din would be almost unbearable were the birds near at hand; but, as they rarely fly or perch low, their voices are mellowed by distance. Congregating on the boughs of the highest trees—far beyond the reach of the Indian's gun or blow-pipe—they take their morning meal of fruits and nuts, chattering away like a lot of rooks in a clump of old elms. Here and there a toucan makes his presence known by yelping like a puppy. Looking up, you see the rich colors on his breast, and wonder why his beak is so large and apparently ungainly. From the recesses of the forest comes the *ting* of the campanero, sharp and clear as a bell struck at moderately long intervals. Other birds utter their characteristic notes, most of these being quaint and curious rather than musical. The birds of the tropics are brilliant in their plumage, but are almost wanting in melody, there being nothing at all resembling the chorus which makes the English woods so delightful on a summer's morning.

With the sun the trees also awake. The dew trickles from the smooth

leaves, or, if the foliage is hairy, the shining pearls dry up, while every giant of the forest looks refreshed. They stretch themselves, as it were, stiffen their flaccid twigs, unfold their leaflets, lift themselves up, and seem to greet the morning in their own quiet way, but as if too respectable to be fussy. Now the brilliant day flowers unfold, or, if already open, rise from their drooping positions and invite the nectar-loving insects, which begin to swarm around them, to take their morning draughts. On the surface of the creek the white water-lilies — queens of the night — are being visited by a few bees ; but the flowers are already tired of watching through the darkness, and begin to nod. Sinking down as if exhausted, and folding one petal over another, they close their weary eyes to the flaming brightness until evening. Other white flowers have been busy distilling perfume since sunset ; but they now suspend their labor, and, although remaining open, are really asleep. The gaudy and brilliant flowers, on the contrary, rejoicing in the sunlight, are soon surrounded by humming-birds, gorgeous butterflies, and bees. Trees that were only canopies of foliage yesterday are now covered with showy flowers. To these the drowsy hum of myriads of bees commands attention at once. All along the river the bignonias and allamandas are hanging over the banks of foliage, their showy colors being enhanced by the flashing of humming-birds and hovering of butterflies, which seem to be enjoying a life of pleasure, only the bees taking things seriously.

But the busiest of all are the ants. On the ground, swarming up the tree-trunks, and on every branch, these little creatures are hunting, feeding, or cutting segments of leaves. Whether they even sleep at night is doubtful ; certainly they appear to be foraging at all times and to retire only during heavy rains. Their tracks extend for long distances and in many directions like clean, level roads, from two to four inches wide. Along some of these processions are passing, each member

carrying a green banner, part of a leaf which the industrious insect has just cut out as if with a pair of scissors. As each carries as large a piece as he can, these are almost uniform in size and shape, and, being held upright, each ant marching a little behind the other, the regularity of the procession is perfect. Looking carefully, you see another line moving in the opposite direction, consisting of those that have just deposited their loads and are going back for more. If rain falls the leaves are dropped, the procession scampers back to the nest in hot haste, while the banners are allowed to remain, being useless after a wetting.

Suddenly there are signs of a great commotion among the creeping, running, and crawling things which abound in the forest. Cockroaches, larvæ, crickets, scorpions, and even snakes are scattering in every direction, before a veritable army of hunting ants. This horde of invaders marches in a straight line over logs, across creeks on fallen trees, and through houses, making even the Indians fly before them. Flanked by a number of scouts which scour the neighborhood, everything near their path that cannot fly is killed, cut in pieces, and eaten so very quickly that the march is hardly interrupted. They penetrate every hole and corner, under fallen trees and dead leaves, uncovering the most secluded hiding-places of fat larvæ or cockroaches. Resistance is useless ; the worm may turn and twist as much as it likes, but once the ants have taken hold nothing can dislodge them. The cockroach tries to run away, but a troop is upon him, and almost instantly all but his hard wings have disappeared. Even the Indian must give these insects a wide berth, as their bites are very painful, taking out as they do a tiny piece of flesh at every nip.

As the sun gets higher and higher, every particle of dew is sucked up, the river glows with fervent heat, and the forest becomes steamy as a Turkish bath. Under its shade, although the canopy forms a perfect screen, it is almost insufferably warm, while the damp and decaying vegetable matter gives off

an odor peculiar to itself. Towards midday this steamy heat becomes so very oppressive that almost every living thing takes its siesta. The birds retire first, only here and there an individual being heard in the deep recesses, its characteristic note serving to intensify the sense of absolute desertion. Even the winged insects are fewer, their lazy humming adding to the drowsiness which now creeps over everything. All is hushed and silent, and hardly a leaf is stirred, for rarely does even the faintest zephyr blow at midday. The half-light under the trees is inviting, but inside there is nothing to be seen but an irregular assemblage of tree-trunks, like the pillars of some gigantic edifice having neither beginning nor end.

From this awful silence there often comes a sudden awakening. Hardly a day passes without a shower, and when it rains in the forest it really pours down in torrents. Suddenly the brilliancy of noonday is obscured, the glare on the river turns to blackness, while inside the forest it becomes almost dark as night. Then a gust of wind is heard sighing in the tree-tops, followed by a distant clattering like the approach of a regiment of cavalry. Nearer and nearer it comes, until a few drops fall from above, immediately after which the noise becomes almost deafening. Striking the canopy a hundred feet above our heads, it does not come to us as rain, but runs down the tree-trunks as little brooks, and streams from a thousand points as miniature waterspouts. Small rivers and pools soon occupy every hollow, and the forest paths become channels, down which the waters rush to the creeks and rivers.

A thunderstorm is a grand spectacle. The dark arches are lit up by every flash of lightning, while the thunder rattles overhead and reverberates from tree to tree. Sometimes one of the forest giants is struck, or undermined by the torrent. Down it comes with a noise of tearing, cracking, and finally with a tremendous crash, as it snaps the bush-ropes which vainly try to hold it back, and demolishes everything in its way.

After the storm all nature is refreshed. It is another morning, and birds and insects come forth to enjoy the coolness, apparently quite delighted with the change. After an hour or so, if the sun is still high, they again retire, and stillness is restored until the shadows lengthen, when there comes another general awakening until nightfall.

As the sun touches the horizon, the six-o'clock bee, a species of cicada, sets up its whirring, whizzing noise, as if it was working the machine of a knife-grinder. In size and shape it is nothing more than a very large fly, and it is wonderful that it should be able to make such a loud noise, which is quite startling, although not unpleasant. The snakes and lizards, which have been sunning themselves in open places, now retire, and give place to a multitude of frogs. These last have made known their presence after the rain; but now they are wide awake and ready for a concert, which lasts about two hours. One of them, called the *Demerara* nightingale, has a very pleasant chirp, which is continually repeated, hundreds of them whistling at the same time. Then there is the species which remains in the water and makes a continual bubbling croak, more common after rain, while another, which appears to live in the trees, has a voice like the whistle of a distant steamer. So striking is the resemblance that persons travelling on the river have taken it for the signal of one of the river boats.

During the cool hour of the afternoon the edge of the forest is all alive with birds; but as the curtain of night falls — which it does very quickly — the cessation of their chattering is followed by the voices of the night. Immediately after sunset, a continuous shrill hum is heard, made up of the buzzing of myriads of mosquitoes, gnats, and sand-flies, and the low chirpings of crickets and the smaller cicadas. This continues until morning. The din is very striking to a new-comer, but after a time, as he gets accustomed to it, is hardly noticeable. Away from the fringe of vegetation which borders the river the hum is not heard, but as our

canoe approaches the shore it becomes like a singing in the ears, while the mosquitoes make their presence known in a manner less agreeable than their distant trumpeting.

The alligator, which has been sunning itself on the shore during the day, now takes to the water, giving a low, short bark as it quietly swims on the surface. Swarms of gnats almost touch the water in their gyrations, exposing themselves to the attacks of fish, which spring up to capture them, the fish in their eagerness sometimes losing sight of the fact that the alligator is behind. The gnat rises, the fish catches it, but the reptile opens its capacious jaws and swallows both. The Indian is paddling along the shore, stopping here and there to set up his spring-hooks, which he will leave till morning. The rod is so bent and fastened that when the bait is swallowed it immediately straightens itself and carries the capture beyond the reach of alligators or larger fishes.

Over the swamp or clearing the fire-flies dance up and down, each light brightening or vanishing as they alternately expose and hide it. In the same places mosquitoes crawl out of their pupa cases at sundown, and, after trying their wings, swarm in millions, a few becoming the prey of fireflies, while the goat-sucker captures them in considerable numbers. Fish, bird, or beetle, however, makes no appreciable difference, the prevalence of the mosquitoes being only affected by conditions favorable or unfavorable to the larvæ.

To leeward of a swamp these blood-suckers congregate in clouds, and woe to the luckless traveller who camps in such a position. However weary his boatmen, or tired and hungry himself, he had better go on, even if it is necessary to paddle for miles. He may smother himself with smoke, but it is quite useless — they are mad with hunger, and nothing can stop their progress, except properly arranged netting, which is rarely carried, although often absolutely necessary. They swarm round him, cover his face and hands, drive their lancets through his clothes, and visibly fatten on his life-blood. As for

sleeping, he need not think of doing that, for they pierce his ears with their horrid trumpetings, so much the more repulsive because of their meaning. Lying in his hammock, he is pricked everywhere, as if by pins and needles, and, drawing his hand across his face, brings it away smeared with blood and black with insects. Thousands may be destroyed, but tens of thousands take their places, each one rejoicing that he will have at least one feast before he dies.

Camping on a sand-reef, where there are no mosquitoes, the traveller is pestered with sandflies. Towards morning he feels an almost intolerable itching, and when rising from his hammock finds both hands and face covered with little dots, which become confluent and cause swelling. The insects which produce these effects are so small as to be almost invisible, yet so formidable from their numbers that they produce almost worse results than mosquitoes.

What is the ordinary food of the perfect insect, is an interesting problem in the life-history of these blood-suckers. The larva lives in water and preys on animalculæ, and if the perfect insect was like some others it would require little food in the final stage of its existence. But, unlike butterflies and ephemeræ, mosquitoes and other insects of that class are particularly greedy, and yet the number that succeed in getting a sip must be infinitesimal. They live in localities where man and other animals are hardly ever seen, yet their only known food can never be obtained except on those rare occasions when animals visit such places. Generation after generation may pass away hungry and unsatisfied, and it would be very strange if, in the economy of nature, their only food was something which but an infinitesimal number could ever obtain. They certainly seem hungry enough, and as greedy as if making up for a hundred generations of want.

At sunset the bats also flit from their hiding-places, some taking the place of the parrots and flocking round the fruit-trees, while the horrid vampires wander

far and near in search of some sleeping animal, or even man, in order to obtain a meal. Cows, goats, hogs, fowls, as well as game birds and quadrupeds, all suffer from their attacks if not secured in well-latticed pens, while the traveller must not be surprised when awaking to find blood oozing from a wound in his foot or temple. In some places domestic animals cannot be kept at all, as they are so weakened by repeated attacks as to ultimately die of exhaustion. Fortunately, however, the vampires are not very common, and with proper care may be excluded from dwelling-houses and stock-pens. When the West Indies were first discovered hogs were put on some of the islands; these in time increased wonderfully, so as to become vast herds, affording a supply of fresh meat to the mariner sick of the scurvy. In Guiana, however, these animals never became common, but, on the contrary, required the greatest care to preserve them from the vampires. Domestic animals, like man, sleep at night, and here the bats have the advantage of them, while the wild quadrupeds of the forest range and feed at the same time as their sanguinary enemy. Hence it has followed that peccaries roam securely and are quite free from the vampires, while their domesticated cousins must be housed and caged.

As most tropical quadrupeds feed at night, the beasts of prey hunt at the same time. Like other cats, the jaguar and puma have eyes that penetrate the darkness and single out a stray peccary from the herd, or discern the acourie or labba as it feeds on the nuts of the giant *Bertholletia*, or *Saouari*. If alarmed by a jaguar the herd of peccaries makes a stampede, rushing blindly through the forest, and causing a serious danger if they come across a camp. By the mere power of numbers they carry everything before them; and if the hammocks are not slung well above their heads the occupants may be thrown out and seriously bruised, or perhaps wounded by the long tusks of this blundering host. Jaguars sometimes prowl round the camp, and, if the fire has gone out and all are asleep, spring sud-

denly and carry off one of the party. Rarely, however, has one of them the courage to attack a man, although in certain districts it is dangerous to allow children outside after sunset. Like the tiger, a jaguar here and there becomes a man-eater. Such an individual is a pest to the neighborhood, and sometimes drives the Indians to desert their village. The jaguars are said to have their likes and dislikes, preferring the negro or Indian to the white man.

Owls and goat-suckers are numerous, their weird and awful cries producing feelings of dread even in the Indian, but much more so in the negro. The startling question, "Who are you?" has often deterred a thief when about to steal his neighbor's plantains; while the voices of other "jumbi birds," as they are called, frighten the superstitious and prevent their going out alone at night. That awful series of notes which Waterton could only compare with the midnight cry of some poor murdered victim will even alarm the most careless, while the new-comer thinks of rushing into the forest to rescue some poor creature from the cannibals. Now and again some bird wakes up and utters a faint call, or perhaps some animal gives its last squeak as the jaguar or serpent pounces upon it,—all these sounds tend to produce softened and hallowed impressions of the littleness of man. Here is the traveller and his party—perhaps half-a-dozen persons in all—alone in the forest, a hundred miles from the nearest habitation, while all around them unknown animals are enjoying their life, not caring whether man is present or absent. The flowers of the night—the fair ones which distil the perfume that floats through the damp air—would go on for hundreds of generations, unseen as far as the human race is concerned, and wanting no interlopers. The Indian is the true child of the forest. His thatched shed is picturesque and suits its surroundings, while he himself seems the only fit human inhabitant of these wilds. The dress of civilization ill accords with the



forest, but the ruddy brown of the gentle Arawack suits the color of the tree-trunks, while his low voice and taciturn nature also agree with the silence of the "pathless woods."

To return to the voices of the night—some of which are unaccountable, even to the Indians. It might be supposed that they would know the note of every animal, but there are cries which even they cannot identify. A long, melancholy whistle, beginning in a high key and slowly going down, is sometimes heard, which they say is the voice of the didi or wild man of the woods. This monster is described as being like a great ape; but an element of the supernatural is introduced, and it is supposed to be unlucky to see one. Whether some rare species of monkey exists in the forest, or whether the cry comes from an unknown bird or beast, is uncertain. Many wonderful tales have been told of persons seeing hairy men in the forest; but it is quite possible that in the half-light these may be nothing more than exaggerations of common monkeys, or even perhaps the effect of light and shade. Another problematic creature is the *acreo*, which may be considered as the didi under another name. The former is also a mysterious wild man of a gigantic size and wonderful powers for evil.

Reclining in his hammock, the traveler hears in the silence of the night a heavy splash in the river below, which the superstitious negro attributes to the water-mamma, a supernatural mermaid. The rivers of Guiana are often obstructed by fallen trees, their branches settling down under the water, ready to entangle the incautious swimmer, while eddies and little whirlpools sometimes overpower him. He is perhaps seen to disappear as if grasped by some invisible power, and at once his friends raise the cry of "a water-mamma!" Fearing to investigate the cause, the place is shunned, every boatman holding his breath as his canoe passes the spot, afraid that he also may be sucked in.

Attracted by the camp fire, nocturnal insects rush forward to their destruc-

tion. Moths of all sizes, from the batlike sphinx to the delicate little micro-lepidopteræ, fall into the fire, while those blundering creatures, the beetles, sometimes swarm round in hundreds. With a great buzzing, some monster goes straight for the light, and, striking the tent, falls into a hammock, where he wakens the sleeper with the sensation of his repulsive crawling. Sometimes one of them will come with such force against your cheek as to give a severe blow, while if he should strike the eye the result is something serious. Now and again a candle-fly comes along, looking like a star which has wandered from its place to light up the dark arches of the forest. Here comes a pretty green plant-bug; but, however beautiful it may be, do not touch it or let it alight in your hammock, for its odor is most repulsive—the quintessence of a thousand of its cousins, the inhabitants of dirty bedrooms.

Moonlight on the creek or river is indescribably soft and beautiful. The bank of foliage is frosted with silver, while every branch and leaf is reflected in the dark waters. Many of the smaller streams are covered with water-lilies, which now lie open on their bosoms as if they were stars fallen from the azure canopy above. Paddling alone, when the moon is near the full, the surroundings tend to induce the impression that all nature is harmony. Borne on the damp air come the perfumes of a thousand flowers, which set you wondering where they come from, as in the day they are not perceptible. Were it not for the noxious insects, the forest would be a veritable paradise; but even with these the remembrance of a day and night in its recesses and on its rivers is one worth a little trouble to gain, which toil will never be regretted.

JAMES RODWAY.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
NOTES AT A GERMAN BATH.

*Villa Clara, Bad-Langeweile, June 18.*

—I arrived a week ago at my German bath, ordered thither, much to my dis-

gust, for a couple of months. I am a middle-aged spinster, of no particular personal attractions, and a wearer of the "terrible blouse of no shape whatever," that M. Ohnet says all English women affect when on their travels. My young cousin, however, who is my travelling companion, amply makes up for my deficiencies. Mattie is a pretty, healthy, English girl of seventeen, fresh from school, and imbued with the strong intolerance of youth for everything not British. Cheapness being an object, we have come to an entirely German *pension*, for the Teuton may be depended upon for always choosing the places where you get best value for your money. The twenty or thirty ladies boarding here are a noisy, gossiping, friendly crew. It seems "always afternoon" at Bad-Langeweile. Not that we are lotus-eaters in any literal sense of the word—for the water that we drink is unpleasantly medicinal—but one certainly becomes here forgetful of the lapse of time. We do exactly the same things every day—we drink, bathe, sleep, eat, in endless rotation. After the intolerably long one o'clock dinner the ladies retire to bed and to sleep for two hours or so, till the coffee appears, served on little tables under the luxuriant vines in the garden. Oh, those noisy dinners! No wonder the pensionnaires are tired. At dinner-time it is as if Babel itself were let loose, or like the monkey-house at the Zoo. Outside, in the flickering sunlight, the pines send forth their delicious scents, and the oaks wave their branches temptingly; but no, we must forswear their proffered delights, and eat steadily through seven courses and a dessert. The Germans, however, do not flinch; they know their duty and they go through with it bravely. The only thing to which they do object is having even the smallest scrap of window opened; "Es zieht," they murmur, if you make so bold as to open one little chink. But they are good old souls—in their way.

June 22. — Among the pensionnaires are two particularly belligerent elderly ladies, Frau Auerbach and Frau Biener.

Frau Auerbach is a well-to-do widow of fifty, red-faced, stout, very ill-natured, expensively dressed, and a confirmed hypochondriac. As to Frau Biener, she is a fat, square, old lady, a *Hausfrau* of the good old type. She knits interminable black worsted capes, and must certainly be a descendant of Mrs. Bayham Badger; for, like that celebrated lady, she has had two husbands, and airs their memories at every possible opportunity. She weighs, I should think, some two hundred pounds, and is besides of so unprepossessing an exterior, that one could hardly imagine how any one had ever got so far as to propose to her. Frau Biener is now in charge of her daughter-in-law, Louise, a young woman not long married, pallid, lethargic, and dismally resigned to sit under her mother-in-law's large wing. Louise does not, however, like her relative, knit worsted capes; she does no work at all; she never does anything but sit and gaze sadly on her surroundings, only breaking the silence by occasionally remarking, with a faint gleam of a smile, "My husband is coming to fetch me to-day fortnight." Mattie cannot stand Louise at all. She gets so cross with the poor bride's inanity that she can hardly sit at table with her; but then Mattie, as I said, is always a little intolerant. Frau Auerbach amuses her more, especially when she is quarrelsome, which, indeed, is generally the case. Even over discussing the rival doctors (the doctors and the *cure* here form the great topics of conversation) Frau Auerbach manages to be unpleasant.

"If there's anything to be found out, depend upon it, my dear Frau Biener, Dr. Frickel is the man to find it out," she remarked to-day at dinner in her most domineering voice. "He says he never met with such a case as mine," she went on proudly, "and it seems to him wonderful how I have kept up all these years. Ah, it is not everybody who has my great strength of mind."

(Frau Auerbach is Dr. Frickel's most paying nervous patient.)

This assertion roused Frau Biener. "H'm, h'm, I don't know," she re-

sponded; "Frickel may be all very well, but Dr. Marx is the safe man."

"Zickinger is the cleverest of all. He puts his finger on the very place," here struck in pretty Elise, the waiting-maid, anxious to avert a quarrel. "Such brown eyes! they exactly match his beard! so young, too—only thirty-two, and already *Hofarzt*!"

"Frickel is still younger, and his eyes are brown too," here remarked *Fräulein Bertha*, a sentimental lady of six-and-twenty.

A young girl near us blushed, but said nothing.

Our *pension*, like Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's boarding-house, boasts of a "young girl." She is an object of deep interest to us all. Her name is Marie, and she appears to be entirely alone in the world. She has a dollish sort of prettiness, with blonde curls like a baby's and a shell-pink complexion. She sits about and does nothing all day; she is almost as idle as Louise, and quite as satisfied with herself.

*June 25.*—The young girl has a love! She informed us of the great fact to-day, by the springs. Her *Bräutigam* is young, handsome, rich—or so she says. Looking up suddenly to tall Mattie, she asks wonderingly,—

"And have you not a bridegroom, too? or did you never have one?"

Mattie, who is only just seventeen, is much taken aback. She has never before felt the humiliation caused by the want of a "bridegroom," but now she feels it keenly. So she confesses indiscreetly that she might have had one, only this spring, but—

"But you do not love him," continues the young girl in English—very bad English. "Oh! I love my *Schatz* so," she continues; "I love him so."

Mattie shudders, then blushes to the roots of her hair—for the words have been loudly spoken, and some very evident English in the vicinity appeared to be amused. "Oh, *would* you mind saying 'like' instead of 'love,' next time?" she murmurs. "We *never* say 'love' in English—we have no such thing!"

Marie is astounded at this assertion,

and takes some time to get over it. As for Mattie she has not got over the shock to her feelings yet. Just now she is looking out into the starry night, her head leaning on her pretty round arms.

"You know," I say apologetically, "we can't expect Germans to be quite like ourselves. They are much more effusive."

"I call it positively sickening," says Mattie.

*June 28.*—The young girl's lover has arrived! She seemed quite bright—for her—on hearing the news of his approach, and she showed her joy by actually beginning to work on a square of white cotton crochet.

"That's right—preparing to be a good housewife!" cries Frau Auerbach approvingly. Housewife indeed! We don't believe that Marie can write, and if she can read it is quite as much as we should expect from her. But then she is an adept at "laying the cards," which relaxation she appears to indulge in at least five times a day—whenver, indeed, she is not bathing or drinking. Mattie is quite sick of seeing her do it. And I, for my part, think the crochet not so much of an advance on the cards. All the ladies here crochet, and we imagine their rooms filled with dreadful squares and mats.

Such an odd couple arrived yesterday. We can't make them out at all. They are both young and good-looking, and appear not to be related to each other; at any rate, their names are down in the visitors' book as Mr. Thompson Binns and Mrs. Jackson. The lady is a widow from San Francisco, and the gentleman seems to be acting as her escort. He is handsome, dark, and curly haired; "like a brigand of the Middle Ages," says *Fräulein Bertha*. There is about his proceedings that air of mystery which is so dear to the female heart. All the old ladies are full of conjectures about him. "What in the name of wonder," says Frau Auerbach, "can he want with the *Kur*?" On the other hand, the lady is sickly, as Mr. Thompson Binns informs us on arriving, with American frankness. This frankness

went far to win Frau Auerbach's heart. Without losing a moment, I saw her tuck the American lady under her arm, and sally forth with her to Dr. Frickel at once, to avoid all fear of her changing her mind. By the time they returned, Mr. Binns was drinking his coffee, surrounded by an admiring circle, explaining to Mattie and me: "We met on the ship. She was ill, and, as I'd nothing particular to do, I just took her along on the cars. I told the ship's doctor and the captain that I'd see to her. I'd do the same for any woman." A sentiment which gained him unbounded applause.

June 30. — Marie and her bridegroom are sitting outside on the terrace together. (The crochet is thrown aside.) It is noticeable that the young man never says a sensible word to his betrothed, never makes any attempt at what may be called "conversation." This disgusts Mattie more than ever. "He treats her exactly like a doll or a plaything," she complains. At the present moment he happens to be pulling her ears playfully, and giving her stage embraces—they are certainly very public ones. All this seems more or less to imply that Germans do not want much intellectual companionship in their wives. At dinner to-day, Mattie, always full of the "higher education," asked Fräulein Bertha if many German girls learned Greek and Latin. Marie's lover chanced to overhear the question. "Horrible! I can't bear a learned woman," he said, twirling his blonde moustache.

Fräulein Bertha has a great contempt for Marie. She is a pallid, sentimental young woman, who loves to talk of the "immensities" and to pose as a *femme incomprise*. She is emancipated—that is, for a German—and it is distantly rumored that she writes poetry. She likes to make people think that there is a dark mystery surrounding her life. "Ah," she said to me once, "if poor Bertha had had a thaler for every time she had said good-bye, she would long ago have been a millionaire." She sits and gazes at Mattie and me with sad, saucer-like eyes, but she seldom

gets further with us than the remark already quoted. (I defy anybody, however, to talk about the "immensities" with such a thoroughly practical young person as Mattie.) Fräulein Bertha has taken forty baths at almost boiling-point, and has almost washed herself away as the result. That is the worst of Germans, they never do things by halves. They can seldom be induced to take a bath, but when they *do* take them, they take them with a vengeance! Bertha is much attracted by Mr. Thompson Binns. "There is a man who is capable of dragging a woman round the town by her hair!" she says admiringly. But I think she misjudges the poor man. Mrs. Jackson, small, pale, and self-possessed, is capable not indeed of pulling him round the room by his hair, but certainly of turning him round her finger. Mrs. Jackson, by the way, is always beautifully dressed in the latest Paris fashion, and wears diamonds as big as peas. Last night when Mattie and I were at an outdoor concert in the *Kur-garten*, we chanced to sit behind a couple conversing in the tenderest tones. Mattie recognized, in the semi-darkness, the big diamond pin that Mrs. Jackson wears in her hair. Without wishing to play the part of eavesdroppers, we could not help overhearing in a lull in the music the following words:—

"How many pills did he tell you to take?"

"Oh, I'm to judge of how they suit me. My constitution's so remarkably highly strung. When are *you* to commence taking baths? *That'll* be the test!"

Mattie and I moved away. "How romantic!" she whispered, shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Oh, one thing does as well as another to make love over," I said, remembering the old ballad of Edwin, Angelina, and the *ipecacuanha*.

July 2. — I was going down into the garden to-day, with the intention of writing in the arbor, when Mattie met me, and said warningly, "Don't go in there! I believe Mr. Binns is proposing to Mrs. Jackson!"

I had hardly time to answer when Mr.

Binns himself emerged from the arbor, looking radiant. He came up to us gaily.

"Mrs. Jackson is just taking a nap," he said, "before she goes to the bath-house; she asked me to leave her in peace, so, perhaps, it would be as well, ladies, if you didn't disturb her. It's always best to take a woman like that at her word, you know. She's a woman of character and knows what she means. She told me I'd teased her about enough for *one day*" (with a laugh). "But I've gained something. She's given me leave to drive with her this afternoon. From a woman as proud as that, too. Oh! it's quite a concession."

But Mrs. Jackson had apparently no intention of sleeping, for Mr. Binns had not been gone two minutes when she also emerged, peeping cautiously round first, to see if the coast was clear.

"I do wish that fellow would conclude bothering me," she said. "I am sick and tired of having him always around me. I've told him twenty times, if I have told him once, that I don't mean to marry him. He plagues me to death. Oh, lord, yes!" she continued, answering my sympathetic look, "he's plagued me ever since we left the steamer. It don't seem any good my telling him I'd prefer to remain single. What on earth should ever tempt a woman who has been comfortably 'left' to marry again I don't know. And my husband left me *very* comfortably off—not wealthy, but enough. He'd insured himself—let's see," she went on complacently, ticking off her fingers, "it must have been for twenty thousand pounds, I guess, at the lowest computation."

"He must have been a good husband, certainly," I murmured, while Mattie tried to repress a bad inclination to smile.

"I should say so, indeed. Why, he was three weeks dying, and all the time he kept saying, 'Annie, keep on with the business' (his was a blacking business) 'as best you can, and if you must marry again, marry a man with plenty of "gumption" and "go" in him, who'll stand by you and the business.'"

"Ah!" I said "and you don't consider Mr. Binns answers the description?"

"Not I! He's a silly old goose, that's what *he* is. Man! he a man! I've got more man in my little finger than he's got in his whole body. He's too soft for a man; he ain't got no gumption. Business! he ain't got nothing of a head for business. Nothing like my husband. The blacking trade would never keep me in clothes" (looking complacently down at her Paris-made skirts) "if he took to the management of it. And, besides, he's always in love with somebody or other. It's second nature to him to fool around some one. You can see what *he* is. I don't trust him."

"If he's *that* sort of man," I couldn't help here interposing, "I wonder you weren't afraid to travel about so long with him."

"Oh! I never was afraid of nothing yet. I'd like you to show me the man I ever was afraid of. Why, I've travelled alone out West, and had to carry arms; and once, when they stopped the coach and tried to rob it, I fired off five shots quickly, and you may bet your pile that they bolted pretty sharp," clenching her small, thin hands at the recollection.

Mattie shuddered. The little fair Yankee didn't look like the actor in such a terrible drama. With her neat braids of glossy hair and her perfectly fitting Worth costume she might have stepped straight from a band-box. But on the present occasion she wasn't quite so self-possessed as usual; her temper was certainly a bit ruffled.

"And what a man he is to talk!" the widow went on (the "he" still referring to Mr. Binns). "I feel quite ashamed of him sometimes. It makes a woman look so like a fool. Now, hasn't he just been talking about me to you? There! I knew he had. That's what gets my blood up to the notch. Well, that's certain! my husband didn't talk, like him, of whatever he'd got in his head. He can't keep a thing to himself. But it's no use worrying," with a rapid change of tone, "and I



had to promise to ride along with him this afternoon, just to keep him quiet. Don't you go thinking it means any more than that. Oh, it's late! and I must go and prink a little. Here's one of my business cards before I forget," taking a large bit of cardboard from her pretty reticule. Then she ran into the house.

We looked at the card. This was it:—

ANNIE JACKSON,

Dealer in BLACKING.

Offices: 48 & 49 Mill Street,  
San Francisco.

July 4.—The young girl and her lover have quarrelled—for what cause we cannot imagine, as he was pinching her ears just as usual yesterday. But it now turns out that he is not the young girl's first love. Young as she is, she has had other loves before. This partially accounts for the very little attention she seems to have paid to any other branch of education. She has at last found her tongue, and she is almost as loquacious as Frau Biener herself on the subject of her two loves. "Mein erster Schatz! mein zweiter Schatz!" she says, quite outrivalling that lady and her two husbands. Now Marie, "variable as the shade," seems to be harking back to the "erster Schatz." At any rate there is a great coolness with the "zweiter." The different parties to the quarrel, unfortunately, choose poor Mattie and myself as confidantes. The lover will only walk with me; the young girl will only walk with Mattie. They glare every time we meet, as we naturally often do within the small area of the *Kur-garten* promenade. The result is that Mattie and I can't speak to each other. We object very much to be used as cat's-paws in a lovers' quarrel that does not the least concern us. But it is all of no use.

"You think I care for that girl?" says the discarded youth to me, as I am vainly endeavoring to get through my portion of water under the flowering limes. "Well, I do not care *that*" (here he snaps his fingers) "for her. I shall

not think of marrying her if she is not good. A girl with a temper, who will not obey? No, I do not love her. Ha, ha!"

On the other hand, from his *fiancée's* furious look when we pass, I can quite well conjecture what *she* is saying to Mattie.

July 5.—When we entered the *salle à manger* this evening, Mrs. Jackson was conspicuous by her absence; and we noticed that Mr. Thompson Binns's countenance wore a look expressive of the deepest gloom. "He has proposed to her again," Mattie whispered to me, "and she has refused him." I unrolled my work silently.

"You do too much work, mees," said Frau Auerbach; "work of all kinds is extremely prejudicial to the *Kur*."

"Yes," added placid Louise, who was sitting in a state of idyllic happiness with her husband's hand in hers (he had come at last to spend Sunday), "it's quite true. You never see me do anything while I'm here."

"You don't do much at home, my child," here interposed her mother-in-law, as she looked over her spectacles and knitting at the young couple. "Franz spoils you. Only think," she went on in a loud whisper to Frau Auerbach; "he lets her have a girl in the kitchen."

"Ah! when you have a little son," said Frau Auerbach good-naturedly to the bride, "that will give you an occupation. You will have to wash him, to teach him——"

"He shall go to the same school that *you* attended," said Louise, looking radiantly at her Franz; "he must be brought up exactly like his father."

The husband beamed at this, and squeezed his Louise's hand affectionately. Mattie looked another way. These little domestic idyls, enacted in public, made her feel quite sick. As for me, I was by way of counting my stitches. But Mr. Thompson Binns, who had not been attending at all to any one but himself, here gave such a tremendous groan that we were all quite startled by it. Then he got up, pushed

his chair back, and went out, slamming the door behind him.

"Ah! it is sad to see a poor young man so much in love," said the sympathetic Bertha, "and with so little return."

"Nonsense! I believe Mees Jackson is really fond of him, and it's only her way of flirting," remarked Frau Auerbach severely. "You should have seen the life I led my poor dear Jacob before we were betrothed. He had to ask me seven times, and yet I always meant to have him in the end." The said Jacob, I may mention, had been defunct for now ten years, so his widow permitted herself a little affection for him, but there were not wanting those who libelled her, as Dürer's wife had been libelled, by saying that her husband, poor man! had been glad to find rest in his grave.

("You did not have to ask me so often," here remarked Louise to Franz in a loud parenthesis.)

"Mr. Binns is too young to marry a widow, and I believe Mrs. Jackson is older than he is;" this assertion came from Bertha.

"What does that matter?" inquired Frau Auerbach, looking daggers—was not she a widow herself?

"Well, but should not a man be older than his wife?" Bertha asked, appealing to the company in general.

Frau Biener seemed to take this as a personal challenge. In all her dignity of mother-in-law she spoke over her clicking knitting-pins, her square form and roughly hewn features looming quite sphinx-like through the gloom. "My first husband" (click) "was ten years older than myself" (click, click); "my second husband" (click) "whom I married thirteen months after the death of my first" (click, click), "was thirteen years younger than myself" (click). "My first husband had a big ready-made clothes business" (click); "my second was his foreman" (click). "With both of them I lived happily. They knew when they were made comfortable" (click). "I am a good cook, you see, and I was always clean and hard-working" (click, click, click).

The words were oracularly spoken, and it seemed quite unnecessary and even irreverent to answer them, as it would have been in the old days to reply to Minerva or Apollo. No one ventured to question the desirability or suitability of either of Frau Biener's matrimonial alliances.

Only Mattie turned up her little nose. "What slavery!" cried she. "I would never cook or be a servant to any man. I can't cook, and if I were a German girl I wouldn't learn."

"Well, and what will your mother say," demanded Frau Auerbach, "when some rich young man asks her for your hand in marriage? When he comes to the usual question, 'Is she a good cook?' she will be obliged to answer, no, and your chance will be lost."

Mattie felt too disgusted to speak. Happily I came to her rescue. "We English have different ways," I said.

"Oh, English!" cried Frau Biener contemptuously, ignoring our presence. "The English! fine housekeepers they make. What waste! What ignorance! They only manage to live at all, in their expensive country, because they are all so rich. If they are poor they are obliged to go and live elsewhere. And the husbands—do their wives make them comfortable? No, it is well said, 'Die Liebe eines deutschen Mannes geht durch den Magen'—den Magen," she repeated, with a rapt look.

"But," I here remarked feebly, "how can a man's wife be a companion to him if she is always in the kitchen?"

"Companion!" echoed Frau Auerbach scornfully. "No man wants his wife to know the things that he knows. Let her mind the cooking, see to the sewing, look after the children; his companions are his friends at the *Wirthshaus*."

"They don't go to the *Wirthshaus* every evening in England," I suggested.

"They do worse things, no doubt," said the censorious Frau Auerbach, who, doubtless, on Mr. Lillyvick's principle, would allow no virtue to foreigners.

July 9. — There is to be a dance at

the *Kurhaus* to-night, in honor of some royalties. It is to be quite an "occasion" for the neighborhood. Every one in our pension is going, from Frau Biener to the "young girl," whose lover departed in dudgeon some days ago. No longer can the little town of Bad-Langeweile complain of a dearth of men. Louise has got her Franz with her; her second husband (the foreman of the ready-made clothes business) has arrived to escort Frau Biener. Only Mr. Binns still lounges about in solitary gloom, snubbed by the lady of his affections. He seeks consolation in vain from frequent "cocktails" and cigars. He has long ago given up the "cure" and the baths. They did not agree with him, he told us; and as nobody knew what special ailment they were meant to cure, none of us felt qualified to offer any advice. His moods are varying and unexpected; one day he astonishes the pension by sudden fits of loquaciousness, another by equally sudden relapses into morose silence. With neither of these can the unlucky swain please his beloved. To-day he chanced to be in a conversational mood, and at *Mittagessen* he entered with wild spirit into an argument with Frau Auerbach about American produce.

"I don't care what any one says," he vociferated, thumping the table in his energy, and shouting at the top of his voice; "you won't find anything—grapes, even—that we can't grow better in America! Ah! I'd like you ladies to see our Californian farms. *There* are the vineyards of the future—*there*!"

"You won't make us believe that," said Frau Auerbach, quite disgusted. This was touching the Germans in their tenderest point.

"Wal, America's a new country," went on the imperturbable Yankee, "and a new country is of course up to all the newest dodges—the most go-ahead notions in farming. Why, everything is better in America! Only look at our beer breweries! We sell more beer in New York in a month than is sold in any big town in Germany in a year."

This mode of reckoning the excellence

of produce—by quantity *alias* quality—rather staggered the Germans for a minute. But Mrs. Jackson, who sat next to her compatriot, here said quietly in his ear:—

"You'd better just shut up; you're talking a lot of bosh of what you know nothing about. I wouldn't make a spectacle of myself if I was you."

However, the irrepressible was to-day not easily snubbed, even by his lady-love. He was only silenced for a short breathing-space. Everything in America, according to him, was better than it could possibly be elsewhere. He was nothing if not patriotic. Somebody unwisely started talking about music. Mr. Binns struck in at once.

"Wal," he said, "I reckon you've had the greatest composers. We can't beat them in our country, though perhaps we may yet. But we're musical, you bet. To give you an idea—why, I know of a store in New York where they keep no less than five thousand pieces of music in stock. Ah! we're a musical nation. I've got a brother who plays—I'd like you ladies to hear him. There's passion, there's fire for you! Why, he plays so well that it's no exaggeration to say that the perspiration drops from off him! *That's* playing, if you like. As for ladies—I grant you, they can play fantasias, light pieces; but like a man, never! they've not got the muscular strength to do it."

All this, shouted at the top of a stentorian voice, and but vaguely understood by the Germans, simply made them open their mouths. They were overcome by the manner, if not by the matter.

July 10.—The dance last night was very novel, though Mattie and I are both a little exhausted by its results. These I will proceed to relate. The party from our villa arrived in good time, though Mr. Binns had nearly made Mattie and me late, by begging our assistance in the choice of a bouquet for Mrs. Jackson. He had ransacked all the flower-shops in the arcade before he could find one *recherché* enough to please her. At last he settled on one composed of giant violets and white

jessamine. "That's just the thing for a widow—half mourning, you know," he said to us approvingly, "and she'll think it such good taste. That'll go a long way with a woman like Mrs. Jackson."

And certainly Mrs. Jackson, touched either by her widow's bouquet, or perhaps by a lecture that had been delivered to her that afternoon by all the German ladies in conclave, *à propos* of her cruelty to poor Mr. Binns, showed herself quite amiable to him, and danced with him several times. The ball-room was crowded. Dr. Frickel was there, dancing with all his patients in turn; Dr. Zickinger was laughing and talking with pretty Elise; even old Dr. Marx put in an appearance. Marie sat on the dais, refusing every partner, and looking—like Mr. Horatio Sparkins—as if she "thought of nothing earthly;" while Fräulein Bertha, resplendent in white book-muslin and amber beads, and with her hair done *à l'anglaise*, was consumed by an all-devouring hope, *Will* Dr. Frickel dance with her? Yes, she is not disappointed; he comes, engages her for a waltz, quite cutting out a military cousin, who stands by enviously twirling his waxed moustache.

Mattie danced with everybody. I danced with Mr. Binns, who confided to my sympathetic ear all his hopes and fears with regard to the fair widow; and with the uxorious Franz, who trod on my toes dreadfully, and asked me every minute how I thought his Louise was looking. Now Louise is a stout and somewhat apathetic young woman at the best of times; and this evening—clad in a badly fitting mauve dress which did not suit her complexion, and which, being very short, left visible her big sandalled feet—she looked decidedly lumpy. But she was satisfied with herself, which after all is the great thing to attain. When Franz led me back to where his Louise was sitting, the young wife exclaimed, "Oh! does not my husband dance beautifully? One seems quite to glide through the air with him," and she looked at him with loving eyes.

There is no doubt but that those mar-

ried couples are happiest who belong to this kind of Mutual Admiration Society. The only objection to it is that it makes outsiders often feel *de trop*, and I felt quite relieved when Louise and Franz whirled off again, and left me to my own devices.

I was laughing a few minutes later over this little episode with Mattie, when suddenly a young man approached us, and asked her for a dance. It was Marie's lover. He had apparently turned up for the occasion, with no other object than to make his recalcitrant betrothed jealous; for he had made himself his very smartest, and, with a large carnation in his buttonhole, tried to look as dashing as possible. Mattie danced with him, nothing loth, and it would have been as well if this had constituted all his sins; for he now proceeded, under his former sweetheart's very eyes, to flirt outrageously with the pretty black-eyed confectioner's daughter of Bad-Langeweile. Marie's eyes were furious, her lip scornful. Not a look of recognition did she vouchsafe her *Schatz*. The ball over, we left the Kurhaus; and now the lover wished to make amends, for I heard him offer to escort her up the hill. She repulsed him angrily; but just then I caught sight of Mr. Binns and Mrs. Jackson in the distance, and not wishing to be again mixed up in a lovers' quarrel, I fled back, so to speak, from the frying-pan into the fire.

"Well," Mrs. Jackson was saying as I came up, "if this isn't enough to make a woman vow she'll never give in again! Here I've danced with you four times to-night, and worn your flowers, and now you want me to promise all sorts of things more! What can I do with him?" she added, appealing to me.

"Oh, look here, Annie! I mean Mrs. Jackson," the unfortunate Thompson interposed, "don't be hard on a fellow. I only want you to say you'll take me on trial. Here have I been hanging on here for weeks, and ruining my constitution with baths and iron which I don't want, and you leading me the life of a dog, and all for no use. This lady

thinks you might give me a chance — now don't you, miss? I'd really make you a good husband; you might have a worse. T. B.'s going to be good to the girl that he marries, you bet!"

"Well, there!" said Mrs. Jackson, "I don't say I won't think over it, as it seems you're so set on it; but only on one condition, which is that you don't plague me any more to-night. Good-bye, both of you!" and the erratic little woman, ruthlessly abandoning the unwilling witness of this tender scene, ran up the hill laughing, leaving Mr. Thompson standing alone in the darkness. When he and I reached the villa gate, we found every one in a state of great excitement, and all the old ladies standing beshawled in the road, in extreme terror. The young girl's lover was reported to have taken to the wood, with wild threats of suicide. No time was to be lost. We forgot our fatigue and all hurried out in search of him. Mattie ran in one direction, I in another, Fräulein Bertha in another. Eventually we ran the culprit to earth, and Bertha and I held him while Mattie searched his pockets for imaginary pistols. A more ludicrous scene was surely never seen.

"Can't I take a little walk in the wood by myself?" the young man said angrily, and it must be allowed that his anger was not altogether without excuse. "Am I a fool to want to kill myself for the sake of such a girl as that? No, indeed! ha, ha!"

We discovered no pistols, and returned to the villa after exacting a solemn promise of good behavior. We found Mr. Binns calmly smoking a cigar in the garden. "I thought you ladies would prove more insinuating," he remarked.

Insinuating! It was main force we had used. And our work was not yet ended. The young girl had, with much presence of mind, taken to her bed and gone into violent hysterics. Her shrieks filled the house. Two hours at least were spent in administering restoratives, and only in the small hours of the morning did I venture to leave her, still mingling sobbing anath-

emas against the *zweiter Schatz*, with various fond recollections of the *erster*. Hurriedly groping my way up-stairs in the dark I found Mattie awaiting me impatiently.

"Do you call *this* improving your health?" she cried, and added viciously, "I've no patience with such rubbish!"

Mattie is certainly intolerant.

August 4. — All my friends are either gone or thinking of going, and what is worse, Mattie has been telegraphed for by her mother. The young girl has also taken her departure, and this is decidedly one weight the less on my mind. As to her "bridegroom," we are none of us quite certain whether or no she will eventually pardon him, but we think it highly probable — that is, unless yet a *dritter Schatz* appear in the unforgiving interval. Frau Auerbach has paid her farewell visit to Dr. Frickel, who, as a parting gift, has presented her with a little book of which he is the author, dealing with all sorts of possible and terrible diseases. Frau Auerbach thanked him for this kind attention, but she seems to find the book very far from comforting. By dint of much imagination and persistent study of the little volume, she has not been long in arriving at the conclusion that she has every disease it mentions. This little gift of Dr. Frickel's is certainly diplomatic.

I have made several shopping expeditions to the pretty bazaars in the promenade, and on one of these I fell deeply in love with some quaint red china, said by the snuffy, wizened, old "dealer in antiquities" to be at least a hundred years old. Mattie being far away, I consulted Mrs. Jackson as to its purchase. "Oh, dear!" said that lady (who looked at everything, Mr. Thompson Binns included, from a purely business-like point of view), "what's the use of buying *old* china? Why, you can get *new* for half the price! lovely sets in the newest fashion, shipped from New York. No, don't throw away your money!" This last piece of advice was good, at any rate. I put my purse aside and we turned



home, for on this particular evening — yesterday evening — a farewell supper, or *Abschiedsfest*, was to be held in the Villa Clara. It was to be another "grand occasion." All day long Elise and her mother had been busy in the kitchen over culinary works of art. I had helped to stir the pudding, and Bertha had arranged the flowers, while Frau Auerbach made punch in the seclusion of her own room, and Mr. Thompson Binns prepared mysterious American beverages in the back yard. The spirits of this latter have risen wonderfully since Mrs. Jackson has allowed him to hope.

As eight o'clock struck the guests arrived punctually. Among the first of these was Fräulein Bertha's military cousin, a young officer. Mr. Binns welcomed him with his usual unerring tact.

"I'm glad to see you, sir," he said blandly, shaking the stranger's hand with fervor, "and to be supported by you in my trying position — the only bachelor among so many ladies! Ah! one wants a *man* sometimes to talk to."

This speech was perhaps not quite in accordance with German ideas of gallantry, but fortunately few of the ladies present understood it.

The dinner passed merrily, and with the punch came an unexpected treat; for Fräulein Bertha had composed an ode in honor of the *Abschiedsfest*, bringing in sentimental little references to all and every one at the Villa Clara. Even Elise's mother, a fat, good-tempered old thing, who combined the offices of cook and landlady, was not forgotten. The poem contained several carefully worked-in allusions to her, and she was forcibly brought in, with her white cap tied under the chin and bibbed cooking apron, to hear them. She tried to smile pleasantly on every one, but she looked as supremely uncomfortable as a fish out of water, and had evidently about as much notion of poetry as an elephant has of skating. The only thing in Bertha's poem at which an unkind critic (had any such been present) might possibly have cav-

illed, was that its lines grew so long by degrees that the sheet of paper they were written on barely sufficed to hold them. This defect, however, was not so much noticed when the poem was recited by its authoress — standing on a chair at the end of the long table, in a kind of "bless-you-my-children" attitude. As she concluded there was a general chorus of applause. The wine circulated freely. Every one in turn was called upon for a speech or a story. Mr. Binns, wishing to be appropriate to the occasion, offered to relate a story of a Prussian officer. Like the celebrated Mr. Tibbs with his volunteer story, he had long been burning with it.

"When I was a youngster," he began, addressing more especially Bertha's cousin, "I was travelling down the Rhine by steamer. Now I ain't one to everlastingly stickle for my rights, but, mind you, T. B. don't like to be bossed by any one, be he who he may. Well, as I was remarking, I was on board the steamer, and had happened to establish myself with my baggage on a comfortable seat on deck. I got up for a minute to speak to a friend, and when I got back, lo and behold if there wasn't a young beggar of a Prussian officer had bagged my place, and was sitting there, calm as a cucumber, with all *my* bags and wraps pitched on to the ground. I should smile if any one were to say that T. B. wasn't vexed. I just took up my carpet-bag, and flung it back on to the seat, hitting that Prussian officer such a blow in the back that it sent him sprawling. Bless you, the whole ship's crew surrounded me in a minute, amazed that any one should dare to attack an officer. 'Donner und Blitzen! wha-do-you mean, sir?' cried the Prussian, scrambling to his feet again, dusty and scowling. 'I mean to teach *you* to respect the American flag, sir,' says I. He clapped his hand on his sword. 'Oh, if you mean fighting,' says I, 'two can play at that game,' and I doubled up my fists and waltzed along the deck towards him in fine style. 'Come on,' says I. Did he come on? not a bit of it. He retired, sulking. The ship's captain comes up to me. 'What have you done,

unhappy man?' says he, 'you've insulted a Prussian officer! He's bound after this to take your life. He can't help doing it. The regiment would forever look down on him if he didn't avenge himself.' But I could see that in their hearts the captain and crew hated the arrogant fellow, and were chuckling over his defeat. The steward looked another way, but he was smiling—I could see it down his back. 'I'm ready for him, any time,' says I. 'He'll have your blood,' says the captain. Well, if you'll believe me, I landed, got a good thick stick, left my address with the captain, and loafed three whole days in a little pokey Rhine town waiting for that fellow to come and fight me. The darned skunk never put in an appearance, and that's the story of how I was going to duel with a Prussian officer!" And Mr. Thompson Binns, having now exhausted his breath, sat down much pleased with himself.

"Oh! you *idiot*!" whispered Mrs. Jackson, who could contain herself no longer. "You're enough to drive a woman silly, you are. You've been putting your foot in it nicely. Don't you see that it's a Prussian officer you've been talking to?"

Mr. Binns had not taken in this fact, and he opened his mouth much in the same fashion as the 'pantomime little boy, who, in the act of stealing a sausage, finds himself suddenly confronted with the policeman. His curly hair quite stood on end. However, no harm was done. The ladies, as before hinted, couldn't always understand Mr. Binns's wild flights of rhetoric, and had not therefore grasped this terrible insult to their soldiery, while the officer was no wiser than they were.

The general hilarity of the evening, meanwhile, showed no signs of diminishing. Elise's turn was called for next. She had spent some time in composing a little English poem to give me as an *Andenken*, or farewell gift, and she now offered to recite it to the company. They were all very much impressed, especially those who couldn't understand a word of it. It ran thus:

Oh, will you tink of me  
When you are on de sea?  
When waves roll round your head,  
Then I will tink of thee!

(I was much gratified, but explained that the lines, though beautiful in themselves, were perhaps a little gloomy in their tenor, inasmuch as I hoped not to be drowned on the return passage.) But Mr. Thompson Binns now rose again at a sign from Elise. He had partially recovered from his collapse. "I speak," he said, "in the name of Mrs. Jackson and myself. As you perhaps know, my friends, the feelings with which I regard that lady" (here Mrs. Jackson looked rather foolish), "I will not further descant on that theme. I will only tell you of my fervent hope, which is that she will one day call herself Mrs. Binns. Ladies, I hope you'll wish me joy. I have always—I may say it without pride—tried to do my duty among you, and have kept my temper as a man should on many trying occasions."

Mrs. Jackson here pulled him violently by the sleeve. "Sit down, Thompson, you silly man! You've said quite enough. Why *will* you always spoil things by saying too much? Oh! *however* you'll manage the business I'm sure I don't know!"

"Only one word more, ladies," went on Thompson, nothing daunted, raising his glass. "May you all find as complete a cure as mine at Bad-Lange-weile."

After the outburst of cheers which greeted this hit, Frau Biener was called upon. She dragged, of course, into her speech some allusion to her husbands (like Mr. Dick with Charles I.'s head, she never could get on entirely without their aid), but otherwise her few remarks were pithy and to the point. Laying down her eternal knitting for this occasion only, she said slowly, with a strong south German accent: "The bride is young, but she has already once been married, and that is always something; it gives experience. Let her study to be a good cook and house-keeper, and see to her husband's shirt-buttons, and she will retain his affection.

He has promised to be good to her, and we can only hope that he will keep his word." These words, spoken gruffly in a deep bass voice, and accompanied by a distrusting glance at Mr. Binns, were not without their effect. They seemed to imply that man in general, and Mr. Thompson in particular, would do anything rather than "keep his word." Everybody shuddered, but Frau Biener was only acting up to a firmly implanted principle of hers. An article, according to her, must, above all, be made to "wear." If solid, it was not generally ornamental; if ornamental, as a rule it did not "wear." Mr. Binns was ornamental; *ergo*, he probably did not possess good "wearing" qualities. She looked lovingly across at her own Franz, who sat with one arm encircling Louise's capacious waist, and the other raising — a tankard of beer! Nobody could deny that *he*, at least, was more useful than ornamental.

But Franz now rose to speak for himself and wife. "My Louise is shy," he said, looking towards her fondly, "and it therefore devolves on me to speak. As to the betrothed couple, I can do no more than wish them as much happiness as my Louise and myself are blessed with; and as for you, ladies, I can only say that when you are next in the neighborhood of Hohenellenputznau, we should be delighted if you would honor our little abode with a visit. My Louise has a girl to cook, and though ours is a simple household, yet it is a comfortable one."

I had hoped to escape notice, but now there were loud cries of "The miss! Let the miss speak." So, seeing that there was no help for it, I mounted the speaker's chair, and got through the ordeal as best I could. They cheered me loudly, notwithstanding my blunders. "Come back next year," cried everybody; "we will all meet next year! *Auf Wiedersehen! Auf Wiedersehen!*" and the glasses clinked again with a will.

August 20. — It is now the last day of my stay, and twilight is approaching.

As I write these words I remember the thought so well expressed by De Quincey: "Life resembles a journey by stage-coach; the scene continually changes, and the passengers also." I have quite a sentiment of tenderness in my heart for the young girl, for Fräulein Bertha, for Mr. Binns, Mrs. Jackson, and even for the crocheting old German ladies, now that they will so soon vanish into "the land of shadows." Then I think of Mattie, already departed along that distant silver streak of water whither I shall soon follow her; and, leaning out of my window, I forget my past weeks of boredom, and gaze, almost with a feeling of regret, over to where the red sun dies far away from off the wooded knolls of the Schwarzwald.

EMILY CONSTANCE COOK.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RAT-CATCHER OF HAMELN.

BY GUSTAV HARTWIG.

[It may be interesting to compare with Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and its many quaint humors, the treatment of the same legend by a young German poet, who has dealt solely with the grave and pathetic side of the story.]

THE Piper, he laughed with a scorn that stung,

A curse was quivering on his tongue;

He fixed on the councillors, where they sate,

A look that was fired with a deadly hate.

"From the plague of rats I have set you free, —

Not a tail of them's left, and it's all through me;

Pay what you owe — my promised boon —

Or you'll hear me pipe to a different tune.

'Tis not rats only my pipe can wile,

Music it has in quite other style;

Beware, and again I charge you, beware,

Lest you waken the spell that is slumbering there!

Stick to your bargain! Pay my fee!"

"No! not a stiver." Away went he.

Now with joy the news was in Hameln told,

It was quit of the rats, and had kept its gold.

The myriad swarms of that loathly pest

Upon its townsmen no longer press'd;

No longer the vermin, undismay'd,  
With ravenous tooth on their victuals  
prey'd,

And folks at ease to their work might fare,  
With no rats scaring them everywhere.  
There was joy in every house once more,  
And comfort, as in the good days of yore,  
Until one day of sultry heats  
Hung heavy o'er Hameln's silent streets.  
The town seemed in a death-trance seal'd ;  
The men were away at work a-field,  
While in their homes so hush'd and still  
The women toiled as good housewives will.  
Then through the empty streets, with slow  
And wary steps, — a dusky glow  
In his keen eyes, and in his face  
A purpose dire, — did the Piper pace.  
He held the pipe in his right hand,  
By his bony fingers firmly spann'd ;  
Slowly he raised it up, and to  
His lips he set it, then withdrew,  
As though his heart had failed him then ;  
But, quick ! 'twas back at his lips again.  
Then strains, so marvellously sweet  
As never mortal ear did greet,  
Flow from the pipe, — a music rare,  
Like spirit-voices in the air,  
Enrancing, thrilling, plaintive, mild,  
Demonic, weird, ear-piercing, wild.

Onward he strides ; through street on  
street

He takes his way with stealthy feet,  
And on his unblest path he bears  
From house to house the magic airs ;  
And where her darlings young and fair  
Nestled within the mother's care,  
Wherever childhood's eye shone bright,  
There did the magic use its might.  
The witching music, floating round,  
Their souls within its meshes bound ;  
Hark ! Hark ! It strikes upon the ear.  
They stretch their little necks to hear,  
Within their eyes gleams such delight,  
As though heaven opened to their sight,  
And to the Piper, one by one,  
Away the little creatures run.  
The mother chides — no heed give they,  
But one and all they rush away.  
If little ones lay sick a-bed,  
Away at once their sickness fled ;

Out of their mother's arms they slip,  
And shout and gambol, jump and skip.  
With warning voice, sweet, full of pain,  
She calls to them, but calls in vain ;  
One sound alone their being sways,  
The music the rat-catcher plays.  
O'er every house, o'er every street  
He casts his spell of music sweet,  
And, snared in it, the children throng  
Troops after him the town along.  
Out through the gate, on, on they sweep,  
Till they are stay'd by a mountain steep.

He looks round at them, as they sped,  
So blithe of heart, so rosy red,  
Poor innocents that should, perdie,  
The victims of his vengeance be.  
Then for a moment swept a trace  
Of pity o'er his wrathful face.  
Does he of the parents' anguish think,  
And from his vengeful purpose shrink ?  
From life's tree shall he rudely tear  
The buds that scarce have burgeon'd there ?  
He stays the spell — the pipe is hush'd.  
Pity his hate has well-nigh crush'd,  
When Hameln meets his view, and straight  
The pipe resounds, and all is hate.  
With tones low, sweet, yet dread to hear,  
With tones wild, wondrous, eldritch, drear,  
Does he the troops of children clasp, —  
Not one of them eludes his grasp.

So to the mountain on he goes,  
The children round him, rows on rows,  
When unseen hands with crash and shock  
Split wide the adamant rock.  
In pours the living torrent, then  
The mountain closes up again,  
And Hameln's luckless children all  
Are lost behind that stony wall.

Heavily on the unhappy town  
The Piper's vengeance settled down ;  
Mother's hearts many it caused to break,  
And there even now men's souls will ache,  
To think of Hameln and the day  
The Piper's music lured away  
Her children, and their souls are stirr'd,  
With anguish, just as though they heard  
The strains so sweet, so dread to hear,  
The strains so eldritch, wild, and drear,  
Round Poppenberg that rang, when it  
To swallow up Hameln's children split.

THEODORE MARTIN.

# SCRIBNERS MAGAZINE

## The Holiday Number.

The December number of Scribner's Magazine will present many artistic attractions, not the least of which will be the colored frontispiece, a novelty in magazine illustration. Every article will be complete in this number. The cover as usual will be ornamented by a special design.

**FRONTISPIECE.** "You must Learn to Forget." From a water-color painting made for Scribner's Magazine by L. Marchetti, reproduced in fac-simile.

### THE MASTERPIECES OF MODERN FRENCH WALL PAINTING.

By **Will H. Low**, an article upon the great historic panels painted for the Pantheon and the Hotel de Ville, with many full-page illustrations.

### DECORATION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

By **Frank D. Millet**, under whose charge this branch of work is now in progress. Among the illustrations will appear reproductions of the paintings now being made in Chicago by such men as Blasfield, Reinhart, Weir, Maynard, Beckwith, Cox, Shirlaw, Reid, Simmons, and Dodge.

### NORWEGIAN PAINTERS.

By **H. H. Boyesen**, with many illustrations by the leading painters, Hans Dahl, Arbo, Carl Hansen.

### THE NUDE IN ART.

By **Will H. Low** and **Kenyon Cox**, with full-page illustrations by the writers.

### THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO BERLIN.

By **Archibald Forbes**, who was an eye-witness. This is in the Historic Moments series, and is accompanied by a full-page illustration after one of the great historical paintings.

### A WEST INDIAN SLAVE INSURRECTION.

By **George W. Cable**. The true story of a tropical island.

### FOR THE CROSS.

A Christmas story by **George I. Putnam**.

### AN ASSISTED PROVIDENCE.

A Christmas story by **Octave Thanet**, one of her "Stories of a Western Town," illustrated by A. B. Frost.

### MISS LATYMER.

A story by **George A. Hibbard**, illustrated by W. T. Smedley.

### APPLES OF GOLD.

A short story by **Miss M. S. Briscoe**, to which the colored frontispiece refers.

### UNDER POLICE PROTECTION.

A true episode in the life of the late Chief of the Russian Police, by **Mme. S. R. de Melssner**.

### A SHADOW OF THE NIGHT.

A poem by **Thomas Bailey Aldrich**.

### IN A GALLERY.

By **Julia C. R. Dorr**, illustrated by a full-page from a painting by Simon de Vos.

### THE REPENTANCE OF EBEN PYNCHOT.

A humorous story in verse by **Edward S. Martin**, author of "The Little Brother of the Rich," elaborately illustrated by F. G. Attwood.

Price, 25 Cents; \$3.00 a Year.

Charles Scribner's Sons, 743 Broadway, New York.



## Scribner's Magazine for 1893.

*In making the customary preliminary announcements of the leading features for 1893, the publishers call attention to the number and character of the contributions which ensure above all the ENTERTAINING quality of its pages; the year will be especially notable for its short and serial stories.*

*In FICTION may be mentioned as already arranged for:*

**The One I Knew the Best of All: A Memory of the Mind of a Child.** By **Frances Hodgson Burnett.** This serial story, continuing through half the year, is something probably entirely unique in literature, being the frankly autobiographical story of the experiences of a child up to girlhood, with its sensations and emotions as each new phase and problem of life opens to it. In no sense, however, is it a juvenile story, being distinctly the study by a mature mind of that wholly different world which a child's mental life presents; and there is nothing with which it can be well compared for its fidelity to the child's point of view and its extraordinary skill in reproducing the child's feelings, unless perhaps the early chapters of "David Copperfield" and Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses." Incidentally the story gives remarkable pictures of life in a great English manufacturing town and of the settling of an English family in America, etc., all of these being reminiscences of Mrs. Burnett's own girlhood.

**Jersey Street and Jersey Lane: Urban and Suburban Sketches.** By **H. C. Bunner.** A series of six sketches of town and country life, in the most charming vein that is known to readers of his other works. Alternating from the most densely settled parts of the city to the hill-country of New Jersey, he finds in both fields equal opportunities for study of quaint types and characters. Each one of the sketches will be illustrated in thorough accord with the spirit of its text.

**Sequel to "The Reflections of a Married Man."**

By **Robert Grant.** The author relates the further experiences of the now well-known pair of married lovers, Fred and Josephine. In much the same vein as the "Reflections," Mr. Grant now deals with the problems of their somewhat more matured married life, their moving into a house of their own, the school-days and growing-up of their children, etc. Fred and Josephine are now fairly established as characters in social literature. Illustrated.

**The Copperhead.** By **Harold Frederic**. A political novel of great power, which will run through at least five numbers. Its remarkable reproduction of the war-time feeling will give it an intense interest for those who remember the days when almost every village in the North had its "Copperhead"—its supposed southern sympathizer—who was very often a man who held to doctrines of states-rights and non-coercion with an earnestness and courage as great as those of his neighbors, but found himself made a pariah by the intensity of the feeling about him.

**The Durket Sperret.** By **Miss S. B. Elliott**, author of "Jerry." A strong and realistic story of life among the Tennessee mountaineers, shown in curious and striking contrast with the scholarly life of the little university at Sewanee—a juxtaposition which gives the key to the motive and plot. It will run through four numbers.

**Short Stories** will be abundant during the year, not only by the writers for whom readers are accustomed to look in the magazine, but from new authors as well.

*Among Personal Reminiscences and Memoirs :*

**Some Unpublished Letters of Carlyle to Edward Irving** and others, dealing with a part of Carlyle's life far different from that brought out in the recent literature of Carlyle reminiscences.

**Recollections of Lincoln and Sumner.** By the late **Marquis de Chambrun**. Both articles are full of new matter; and the re-telling of some remarkable scenes, as for example Lincoln's death, etc., adds much, both in vividness of description and in actual information, to what is already known.

**An Artist in Japan.** By **Robert Blum**, who has just returned from a residence of nearly two years in that country. Abundantly illustrated by the author.

**Historic Moments**, which have been a feature of the magazine during 1892, will be continued by some particularly striking papers, among them several by the great war correspondents, **WILLIAM H. RUSSELL**, **ARCHIBALD FORBES**, and others.

**Men's Occupations.** A series of articles on the life work of men in many callings—the chief ways (exclusive of professions) in which men earn their livelihood. One article describes, for example, the typical life of a machinist or worker in iron on its largest scale in great mills like those at Homestead; another the miner's every-day life, another the lumberman's, another the typical life of a merchant seaman, etc. Each one of these articles will be written by a thoroughly representative man in the line of life of which he writes—a man who, though now in most cases an acknowledged authority and at the head of his business, has nevertheless passed personally through

all its stages and is thoroughly acquainted with its smallest details. As the articles of this series are largely filled with most interesting personal experiences and adventures, they will, it is believed, be one of the most attractive features of the year; and all of them will be abundantly illustrated from studies made in the midst of the life described. *A detailed announcement will be made in a later number.*

**The World's Fair in Chicago.** A series will be published later in the year giving the impressions made by the exhibition upon different observers of note, both American and foreign; and as many of these observers will be also artists who will illustrate their own articles, an interesting and unique series may be looked for—interesting not only because of the descriptions it will give, but because of the men who write them and the points of view they will represent.

**Among Miscellaneous Articles** to appear at the opening of the year may be mentioned the further contributions to the "Poor in Great Cities" series, including Madame Mario's paper on the Italian poor, with Tito's fine and vivid illustrations; the Hon. Oscar Craig's article on "The Agencies and Laws for the Prevention of Pauperism"; Professor Tucker's article on the work of Andover House, with illustrations by Shirlaw; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's illustrated paper on the London plan for Home Aid to Invalid Children, etc. Of special interest also, will be Professor Heilprin's authoritative account of the PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION, of which he was the head (illustrated by the artist who accompanied the expedition for the purpose), a very interesting article by Octave Uzanne on the exhibition of WOMAN'S ART now going on in Paris, and articles upon artistic subjects, accounts of travels, and miscellaneous essays.

### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

A fac-simile of a water-color drawing by the French artist, Marchetti, which will appear in the Christmas number, marks an important departure from the usual methods of reproduction in magazine illustration. It has always been the aim of the publishers to give the best renderings of original drawings in black and white, but in this plate a great step in advance is taken when the original drawing is reproduced not only in form and texture but in its coloring as well. The pictures of the year will represent the work not only of the well-known illustrators, but many drawings will also appear by artists who are best known as painters.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

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# THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.

**T**HE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, during 1893, will be a different paper from the one its subscribers have been reading during 1892, but, while different, it will be far better. During the campaign, the paper has been necessarily overwhelmed with politics. A large number of entertaining and varied features, which THE TRIBUNE had planned to print, have been absolutely driven out of the paper by the crush of political articles and political news. During 1893, the paper will have less politics, and more of the thousand and one things which refresh the mind, entertain the imagination, and serve to guide the reader in the prosecution of his business and enjoyment of social life. There will be many great special features of the utmost value.

The purpose here is merely to announce the general facts above. Details as to the special features, which will characterize and adorn THE TRIBUNE during 1893, will be duly announced in the paper itself, in November.

We will merely say at this time, that Mr. Horr's great articles on public topics will be continued, and in all probability, the range of his writings extended.

The Weekly Tribune is \$1 a year; the Semi-Weekly is \$2. The Semi-Weekly is particularly commended to the attention of general readers. It gives more of the editorials, book reviews, foreign letters, and special features of THE TRIBUNE than there is room for in the Weekly.

 To all who subscribe in 1892 for THE TRIBUNE for 1893, the paper will be sent free for the rest of 1892.

**THE TRIBUNE, NEW YORK.**



# THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

## FOR 1893.

**E**VIDENCE of the increasing influence of science in all fields of human activity is apparent on every hand. The farmer is looking to it for better methods in cultivation and the raising of stock. The manufacturer asks of it cheapened processes to meet ever sharper competition. The economist seeks in it a firm basis for his policy. The doctor and sanitarian call upon it for a more perfect equipment for their struggles with disease. The educator consults it with reference to more rational methods of instruction. Literature, politics, and the Church are among its most interested listeners, since it is testing their respective claims in a way that compels attention.

The *Popular Science Monthly* has long borne a leading part in making the general reader acquainted with this great and rapidly-growing department of human knowledge. It has aimed to do this with perfect fairness, and with all the tolerance of earnest beliefs that is consistent with a fearless adherence to the truth, and the same attitude will be maintained in the future.

**SCIENCE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.**—Among the special features of this standard magazine for the coming year will be accounts by competent specialists of the present standing of the several departments of science as exhibited at the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago. The marvels of **Electricity** to be displayed there will be described and explained by Mr. CHARLES M. LUNGREN. Large provision has been made for the exhibit of **Anthropology**, and this department will be carefully treated by Prof. FREDERICK STARR, of the Chicago University. Mr. BENJAMIN REECE will treat of the applications of science in the vast interests of **Transportation**, and the scope and significance of the exhibits in other departments will be set forth by able hands.

**THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIES SINCE COLUMBUS.**—The splendid series of illustrated articles under the above title will be continued, and probably brought to a close in the coming year. Among the subjects that remain to be treated are *Glass, Silk, Paper, Agricultural Machinery, and Ship-building*.

Miscellaneous contributions may be expected from the able writers who have been in the habit of addressing the readers of the MONTHLY.

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